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ECLECTIC REVIEW.

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MDCCCXLIX.

JULY—DECEMBER.

Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λίγω οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν, ἢ τὴν Ἐπικουρεῖον τι καὶ Ἀριστοτελικὴν· ἀλλ' ὅσα εἴρηται παρ' ἑκάστη τῶν αἵρεσέων· οὐ. αν καλῶς, δικαιοσύνην μετ' εὐσεβοῦς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδάσκοντα, τοῦτο σύμπαν τὸ ἘΚΛΕΚΤΙΚΟΝ φιλοσοφίας φῆμι.—
CLEM. ALEX. *Strom.* I. I.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. XXVI.

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TO THE
READERS OF THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

BEFORE assuming the position of Proprietor, and commencing my duties as Editor, of the ' Eclectic Review,' I am anxious to make its supporters acquainted with the motives and feelings by which I am influenced, and the principles which will guide me in my endeavours. I am well aware of the difficulties which must necessarily be encountered by the man whose lot it is to follow one so gifted, so liberal, and so judicious, as my friend, Dr. Price. Indeed, but for the assurance that I shall carry with me his sympathy, and be able to look to him, and kindred spirits, for counsel and support, the thought of the solemn responsibility of my new position would overwhelm me, and I dare not make my present attempt. The ' Eclectic ' has ever maintained the high position of an organ of that Evangelical liberalism, the moral power of which cannot well be over-rated, and on whose progress and prosperity depend alike the maintenance of Christian truth, and the vindication, in all their integrity, of those ecclesiastical, social, and political reforms which will emancipate religion from her present unseemly chains, purify the now foul world of squalor, recklessness, and sin, and transform freedom from a patriot dream into a glorious reality. Such *has* been, and is now, the position of the ' Eclectic ;'—and to maintain that position, unchanged, uncompromised, shall be my most earnest endeavour. In these times of ferment and speculation, when mere pleasing and dreamy sentiments are accepted in the place of deep,

stern, well-matured convictions—when a selfish expediency presides in the council chambers of political parties, and bids even religion itself yield to the potency of its sway—when the claims of the conscience, and the dictates of eternal justice, are ignored by men, who heed the decrees of faction, and the convenience of cabinets, but disregard, practically disregard, that Gospel which is holier and mightier than them all ;—I say, in such times it is important that a work should exist in which the supremacy of Christianity may be asserted, in defiance of the sneers of the worldly-minded, and human rights demanded on the only grounds which Christians can recognise as tenable or satisfactory ; viz., that the same Gospel, which brought to light life and immortality, proclaimed man's brotherhood and the spirituality of religion in the ears of a priest-ridden world.

Though I have no wish to needlessly extend this Address, for, after all, I must be judged by what I *do*, and not by what I promise ;—still, for the sake of candour and explicitness, I beg to state that the principles of the 'Eclectic,' whether religious, or political—whether relating to ecclesiastical polity, or to questions of social and educational reform, will remain unchanged. I shall maintain inviolate the *individuality* of the work ;—as far as practicable securing the services of the writers who have thus far upheld its reputation, and of other gentlemen justly celebrated for the soundness of their views, the vigour of their style, and the consistency of their characters. In the literary department of the work I shall endeavour to do ample justice to the several productions which may be reviewed in its pages, and trust that no honourable opponent may ever have reason to complain of the spirit in which his views are assailed, however completely at variance with my own convictions of truth and right those views may be. I hold, that *writing* 'the truth in love,' is no less a Christian obligation than 'speaking' such 'truth in love ;' and am deeply assured that the beneficial results of controversy depend no less on the temper in which it is carried on by the

respective disputants, than on the amount of truth which may be elicited by their discussion. For the future, I propose that each number shall contain a well-digested summary of the events of the past month, religious, political, and social, with such comments thereon as may be deemed necessary; and I hope, occasionally, to furnish the subscribers with carefully translated extracts from such works of foreign authors as may not be within the reach of ordinary readers, and appear calculated to serve the cause to whose interests the 'Eclectic' is devoted. I also hope to enlarge the department usually assigned to 'Brief Notices,' in order that a more prompt attention may be given to all valuable works which may be forwarded for criticism.

In conclusion, I can only say that my dearest object, my holiest ambition, in connexion with my labours as a writer, is to vindicate the divine claims of Christianity, and hasten on its emancipation from the bondage of the State,—to assert the claims of humanity, whether those claims assume a political or a social form,—to defend our 'old landmarks' of faith against the encroachments of a 'philosophy falsely so called,'—in fine, to do my humble part in assailing error in theology,—in maintaining right and truth in politics,—and imparting vigour, manliness, and heroism to Nonconformity! Such are my objects; and may He 'without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy,' qualify me for my work.

THE PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

COLLECTED REVISION

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been
examined by the committee on the subject of the proposed
amendment to the constitution of the State of New York.
The names are arranged in alphabetical order of the surnames.
The names of the persons who have been examined are as follows:
[The following names are listed in the original document, but they are too faint to be transcribed accurately. They appear to be a list of names, possibly of the members of the committee or the persons examined.]

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WITH the present Volume my responsibility terminates. Circumstances which I cannot control necessitate the relinquishment of a post which I have occupied for thirteen years, and which I had hoped to retain to the close of life. The state of my health, in the opinion of my medical advisers, requires repose, and I have no alternative but to submit. I yield to a necessity which is too obvious to admit of doubt, and instead of indulging in unavailing sorrow, gratefully acknowledge the many mercies by which my life has been distinguished. So much of personal reference may be allowed, and appears due to those readers, whose steady support has enabled me, amidst many difficulties, to continue my editorial labours. I retire from my post without regret so far as the general tenor and complexion of my editorship are concerned. I am conscious of having failed to realize my own idea of what such a journal should be, though in self-justification I might allude to circumstances which all would allow to extenuate, at least, the blame of failure. A more generous support of their literature on the part of Dissenters, would enable their journalists to accomplish much which they can now only vainly contemplate.

But apart from the faults of execution—to whatever extent they may have existed—I am not conscious of having failed in

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my engagements with the public. Of one thing I am certain. I have never knowingly swerved from the advocacy of truth, whatever penalty that advocacy entailed. The pecuniary interests of my journal have never been consulted at the expense of its integrity. Temporary disfavor has often been hazarded by the defence of unpopular opinions, and the result has shown that the apprehension was not chimerical. Distinguished as advocates of freedom of speech, Dissenters are not always superior to the prejudices by which such freedom is shackled. Were I at liberty to disclose the private correspondence I have had, it would be seen that neither threats nor solicitations have been wanting to induce the abandonment of the course which my conscience and judgment alike approved. The pages of the 'Eclectic' are the best evidence I can furnish of such communications not having been permitted to warp my course. I refer to them now with honest pride. They are, in the matter of integrity, what I would wish them to be, and the remembrance of my decision at various periods, affords me, in this review, unalloyed satisfaction.

My editorship has brought me into communication with many gentlemen whose acquaintance and esteem are amongst the special pleasures of my life. It would be gratifying to name them, but, for various reasons, I must refrain, contenting myself with a general expression of my high sense of the value of the aid they have rendered me, and my sincere hope that their talents and scholarship, their theological science, varied literature, and able advocacy of religious and political freedom, will continue to enrich the pages of the 'Eclectic.'

In relinquishing my post, it is some consolation to reflect, that the circulation of the 'Eclectic' is considerably greater than when the journal came into my hands, and that its future

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conduct will maintain all its distinguishing principles, theological, ecclesiastical, and political. To its future Editor, I cordially invite the confidence and friendly support of my readers. To greater leisure than I have ever been able to command, he unites superior talents, and in some departments, at least, more thorough and practical knowledge. In every way that consists with the necessity laid upon me, it will be my pleasure—as it is obviously my duty—to aid his efforts. Though ceasing to conduct, I shall never cease to be interested in the prosperity of, the ‘ Eclectic ;’ and in my comparative retirement, shall find both solace and cause for thankfulness in the report of its success.

THOMAS PRICE.

7, *Highbury Terrace,*

Nov. 23, 1849.

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

JULY, 1849.

- ART. I.—1. *Brief Reasons for leaving the English Establishment.* By I. Dodson, A.M., lately Vicar of Cockerham. 8vo. Pp. 69. London: Partridge and Oakey.
2. *Report of the Executive Committee of the British Anti-state-church Association.* 1849.
3. *The Nonconformist, May 2; Annual Meeting of the British Anti-state-church Association.*

WE receive Mr. Dodson's pamphlet with great respect. It brings its own credentials with it. Every candid man, whatever be his party, must feel that it is entitled to calm and dispassionate attention. It comes into court like a witness of untainted character, whose information and integrity are beyond doubt. The circumstances out of which it has grown, are alone sufficient to command our confidence. It is no light and frivolous production, thrown off without earnestness; but bespeaks grave thought, and involves large sacrifice. It is a homage rendered to conscience at the cost of secular interests—a public notification of the grounds of a change which vanity could not prompt, nor the love of money, nor the lust of power, have produced. A change of religious views and connexions is a grave matter. It is not to be made lightly, nor ought it to be viewed with indifference. To whatever extent it occurs, it constitutes a significant, and it may be, an instructive fact; one, at least, which is entitled to unprejudiced

consideration, and which ought to be judged of by a generous standard. Circumstances may it is true involve its character in doubt. Where poverty is exchanged for wealth, obscurity for renown, or social deprivation for civil status and power, it is impossible to avoid a suspicion that secular considerations may have had weight. The most candid mind will be open to suspicions of this order. They may not be invited, nay, more, they may be repelled, but come they will, for the facts of the case engender them. In all such instances, however, the grounds of doubt are obvious and palpable. Every eye can see them, and the meanest and the feeblest intellect can measure their growth.

But nothing of this sort can be supposed to exist in such a case as Mr. Dodson's. Whatever may be thought of the soundness of his logic, the integrity of his procedure cannot be questioned. Admit for a moment that his reasonings are inconclusive, that they are based on false premises, and are vitiated by want of coherence; assume his information to be defective, his historical reading one-sided, his judgments capricious, and his view of the Divine record restricted and superficial; it still remains plain to a demonstration that he has acted the part of an honest and conscientious inquirer, has sought, whether successfully or not, the discovery of truth on a matter of the gravest importance. His sincerity is proved by the sacrifices he has made, for the change announced involves, in his case, large pecuniary loss, and the surrender of a social status, yet more attractive to many minds. Now we confess that we love to contemplate such an example apart from the right or the wrong of the conclusions avowed. Were we to adopt all which his assailants may allege against his reasonings, we should still do honour to the *morale* of his procedure, should rise from the consideration of his case with a higher estimate of our nature, a profounder sense of the sublimity of virtue in the sacrifices she volunteers at the call of duty. It is refreshing to contemplate such instances. They redeem the ordinary selfishness of our race, call up to our recollection the confessors who have brightened past ages, and enable us to estimate the future condition of our world, when an unselfish devotion to truth shall characterise all sections of the human family. Such cases belong to no party. They are the property of the Church universal, and though their beauty may for a time be concealed, they will ultimately command the love and reverence of mankind.

These would be our feelings were we even doubtful of the soundness of Mr. Dodson's conclusions. What, then, must they be, when feeling assured that his change has been from error to

truth, from superstition to knowledge, from the apostasy of 'the man of sin' to the simplicity and spirituality of the kingdom of Christ? Such is our honest conviction, and we proceed to inform our readers of the basis of his change. Mr. Dodson, in assigning his reasons for secession, is careful to define his object. His reasons, he informs us, are not put forward 'as all that might be urged, nor as the weightiest in themselves, nor yet as the most likely to have weight with others, and still less as possessing much originality, but simply as *his* reasons—the reasons, such as they are, that have influenced him.' It was wise to put this in the foreground, as it disposes at once of much irrelevant matter, with which party writers will seek to encumber the controversy. We cannot compel opponents to pursue a candid and honourable course, but we may—and this Mr. Dodson has done—leave them without excuse in the disengenuous triflings to which they resort. The revolution which his views have undergone, is not a sudden one. It is now matured, and is therefore announced, but it has been in a course of progression for some time. 'For many years past he has heartily disliked, and openly condemned, many parts of the Established Church system. So much so, indeed, that he has often seriously questioned with himself, whether so much disaffection to a system could rightly co-exist with continued adhesion to it.'

In this portraiture, Mr. Dodson undesignedly furnishes a sketch of many of the more reflecting and pious members of the English Church. We are not conscious of any want of candour in saying this. The veil which conceals the struggles of other minds is occasionally in part withdrawn, and whenever it is so, we see much to awaken sympathy, and to make us prize more highly the liberty we enjoy. Good men will not knowingly remain in a fellowship which they deem unlawful and injurious; but it is quite possible that even such may be so far influenced by early training, by hereditary faith, by the acknowledged excellences of some parts of their system, by the historical associations of their religious creed, the usefulness of their present labours, or a misconception of the character and views of opponents, as not clearly to perceive what would otherwise force itself on their minds. They see many objectionable points, shrink from some of the requirements of ecclesiastical rule, and feel, with varying degrees of intensity, the contrast presented between the simplicity of the primitive Church, and the gorgeous splendour of modern times,—the spirituality of the one, and the secular complexion of the other. These things perplex and pain them; but many influences conspire to prevent their scruples being followed out to legitimate and honest results. Their thoughts assume only the character of doubts, unless the

worst elements of our fallen nature attain such mastery, as to enfeeble their spiritual life and to impair the sense of moral rectitude. Their situation, it must be acknowledged, is a painful one, and like timid patients they shrink from the operation which alone can restore health. Their disease becomes chronic, and it is well if fatal results do not follow. Were we in communication with such, we would say with all respect, Be faithful to yourselves, be honest to your scruples. Throw from you the unworthy considerations which selfishness or party zealots suggest. Look the matter fairly in the face. Test your scruples by the unerring standard, and be prepared to embody them in your life, or to reject them wholly, according as you find them to consist, or otherwise, with the written word. Remember it is a question of religious duty, one in which you have no option, and about which your only solicitude should be to do as your Master requires. 'To the law and to the testimony' is the appeal to which we invite and urge you. Stand by this firmly, and with a clear conscience, and then come what may, you will at least possess yourselves of a peace which neither wealth nor dignity can confer.

Many scrupulous Churchmen are deterred from the prosecution of such a course through fear of the conclusion to which it may lead them. They have been taught to regard Dissenters as heretics in doctrine, and fanatics in spirit; men rude and ignorant, averse from the restraints of order, dogmatical in temper, and puffed up with pride. Such are the representations which have been made from the day of Parker to that of Gathercole. They are found on the page of history, are met with in visitation sermons, constitute the staple of party writers, and may be sometimes traced even in the higher and more respectable productions of the Church press. We stop not now to disprove the likeness, neither are we concerned to show that the form of Dissent is as perfect and beautiful as it might be. On the contrary, we admit that there is much *without* the pale of the Church that needs correction, and we shall be ready, on all occasions, to aid every enlightened effort for the removal of such evils. We care comparatively little about the forms of any religious body. They are but the shell, the outward and visible sign, and derive all their value from their fitness as a medium of communication between the inner truth and the human soul. Grant us the great, radical principles of voluntaryism; let the spirituality of religion, and the supremacy of our Lord and Master's legislation, be acknowledged, and we are comparatively unconcerned about the rest. Absolute indifference we do not profess, for this would be inconsistent with honest conviction; but our estimate of the one infinitely transcends that of the other. Let Dissenters, there-

fore, be what they may, let their polity be ever so objectionable, their forms of worship ever so meagre and unsatisfactory, it still remains for solution whether the scruples of many pious Churchmen ought not to induce the abandonment of their position. Such scruples we know to be entertained, and if well founded, they involve the hierarchy in a charge of disloyalty to Christ, which is fatal to its authority as a scriptural institute. This is the point on which we wish to rivet the attention of pious Churchmen. It is the one aspect of the question which specially demands their notice, and on the settlement of which the justification or otherwise of their course turns. Through some such course both Mr. Noel and Mr. Dodson have passed. Their mental history may have differed in some respects, but substantially it has been similar. Starting from the same point they have passed through various stages of doubt, sometimes scarcely perceptible, but at others urgent and overwhelming. The same considerations have probably occurred to each, and the difficulty experienced in arriving at a final conclusion, may at once have perplexed and saddened them. But they have at length emerged from the region of scruple, and doubt, and uncertainty. Their decision has been made, and like honest men they avow it. We honour their integrity, and proceed to a brief examination of the reasons by which Mr. Dodson justifies his course. His secession is one of the first fruits of Mr. Noel's volume. It is due to the latter gentleman to note this fact, and we trust it will encourage him in his self-denying and conscientious labours. The acknowledgment is made with frankness, and is alike honourable to both parties.

'He must now,' says Mr. Dodson, 'avow, that, whilst his views of the evils of the system have been greatly corroborated and extended by the perusal of Mr. Noel's recent publication, he has also risen from that perusal, and from the reflections induced by it, at once impressed with the untenableness of his subscriptions, and deeply convinced that, whilst, on the one hand, the Established Formularies are not unexceptionable in regard to doctrine; there may be, on the other hand, other evils, apart from doctrinal corruption, which will justify and demand separation from a system which perseveringly and hopelessly maintains them. And further, he has been convinced, that such evils not only exist in the Establishment, but are indissolubly connected with it. The writer must likewise confess his debt to Mr. Noel for a juster appreciation of the voluntary question than he previously possessed. In making these avowals of obligation to that eminent individual, the cost has been counted; the consequences are understood. To approve what others condemn—to justify what all agree in reprobating—to confess one's self influenced by a book which, it seems, not only the sixteen thousand ministers of the Establishment, but some Voluntaries and Presbyterian Free

Churchmen, affect to depreciate as weak and worthless ; this is evidently, if not happily to escape censure, by placing one's self beneath contempt, to insure no very flattering or enviable measure of it.'—Pp. 4, 5.

We should like, we confess, to know how some of Mr. Noel's former associates regard this confession. We do not refer to such men as the Vicar of Dartford, or to such writers as have favoured the public with their lucubrations through the medium of the 'Record' or 'The Church and State Gazette.' We have no hope of such ; they have neither intellect to understand, nor hearts to appreciate his course. These are men of whom Mr. Dodson justly remarks that, 'the best have forgotten their charity and lost their temper ; whilst the ablest have reasoned feebly, and, in too many instances, dishonestly.' Let such pursue their vocation. The time will come—nor is it distant—when their labours will be rightly appreciated. Intellectual feebleness and moral delinquency cannot be permanently influential. We refer to a different class, to the men of thoughtful habits and spiritual tastes, men who are honestly concerned to know the truth, and are prepared to follow it to the extent of their convictions. Zealots as we are deemed, we claim no monopoly of conscientiousness, but willingly cede to many members of the Establishment, all that, in this respect, we claim for ourselves. We should much like to know what such think of the testimony borne by a brother clergyman to the conclusiveness of Mr. Noel's reasoning. Something they must think ! Would that their thoughts were put into words. What an instructive commentary would such words be, in some cases, on the scruples of tender minds, and in others, on the miserable casuistry by which religious men quiet conscience, and reconcile worldly interests with a sense of duty. But let this pass. The end is not yet attained. We have not seen all which is destined to occur. A thousand minds are now employed in cogitations foreign from their previous habits. The process is going on, silently, unperceived, and amidst many obstructions, but it will not stop. A vital element has been injected into the inert mass of Churchmanship, and its influence will be seen, under various forms, in the future stages of our great controversy. The bread cast upon the waters will not be lost.

Mr. Dodson specifies eight reasons for leaving the English Establishment, each of which he illustrates briefly. The first respects the matter of subscription. 'In becoming a clergyman,' he says, 'and on various occasions since, I have been required to make certain subscriptions ; to sign with my hand, and affirm with my lips—and, in some instances, to confirm with an oath—certain propositions, which I did not then perceive to be,

but which I do now perceive to be, indefensible and untenable.' Some of these propositions are thus shown to be, according to his present convictions, erroneous and unscriptural, and the practical conclusion deduced is set forth in the following passage:—

'All the three articles of the thirty-sixth canon I believe to contain false propositions, of an important character. And yet, in subscribing them, I affirmed their absolute truth: and only by that affirmation did I obtain, and only by my supposed continued adherence to it do I now retain my orders and benefice. Having then seen the falsehood of those subscriptions, shall I continue to affirm them? shall I consent to retain my ministry on these terms? shall I maintain myself in my position by the virtual daily ratification of a subscription now seen to have been made in error? shall I purchase my orders and my benefice by a daily acted falsehood? I think, then, that I am justified in assigning the untenableness of my subscriptions, as my first and foremost reason for secession, from at least the *ministry* of the Established Church. With my views of the matter of the subscriptions, continuance in that ministry is impossible. Not that I must needs have quarrelled with the Established Church, because its Prayer-book contained a few blemishes; no! it is the solemn affirmation of the scriptural character of those blemishes which I am required to give every day of my life, it is this that I feel to be an intolerable burden; this that makes secession inevitable: *I would not be a living lie!* This reason for secession is "*instar omnium*:" no other is needed. This alone would suffice. This alone constitutes a prohibition, clear, decisive, and imperative, to remain where I am a single day longer.'—Pp. 12, 13.

No candid man will withhold from the author of such a passage the praise of conscientiousness. His honesty, at least, is unimpeachable, whatever objections may be taken to his logic. Nor is the latter truly more open to exception than the former. The conclusion appears to us inevitable from the nature of the premises, and we greatly marvel how upright and religious men can reconcile it to their sense of honesty to remain in a communion which pledges them to so much that they disapprove. Their condition must be perplexing in the extreme. We do not envy their feelings, and should certainly regard them with more respect if their course were more direct and single-minded. But Mr. Dodson's views have been for some time past—and this is stated as the second reason of his secession—'*increasingly at variance with the system of the Establishment.*' His convictions have assumed such a form that he could not remain loyal to the hierarchy and yet preserve a good conscience, and he has therefore honourably withdrawn. This is as it should be, and the example is worthy of imitation.

'I am satisfied,' he says, 'that there does exist a serious discrepancy between the two systems, that of the Gospel and that of the Establish-

ment; so that if I will faithfully serve the one, I cannot act in good faith by the other. But deliberately and systematically to betray the rules of Christ is surely what we may not do: whilst deliberately and systematically, however surreptitiously, to betray the rules of the Establishment, whilst professing to adopt them, is what, upon reflection, one would almost equally shrink from. Such a course could ill be reconciled with common ideas of honesty. What then is to be done? How escape from the dilemma? Clearly only one course is open; quit an Establishment which, whilst you remain in it, you can neither condemn nor defend—whose rules you can neither observe nor break, with a safe conscience. Better go out and be an enemy, than stay in and be a traitor.'—P. 16.

His third reason leads to the discussion of some topics yet more fundamental to the general question, and we strongly recommend the reasonings by which it is supported to attentive consideration. They go far to determine the whole matter. Let them have due weight, and all that is enlightened and pious will speedily disengage itself from the connexion existing between the Church and the State. 'I believe,' says Mr. Dodson, 'many of the fundamental principles of the Establishment to be unscriptural and mischievous.' This is his position. Its terms are sufficiently broad to meet the requirements of the case, and they are justified in a train of calm, clear, and cogent reasoning, from which a candid man will find it extremely difficult to escape. Many of his statements may be read with advantage even by Dissenters. To ourselves they afford a refreshing confirmation of views long entertained, but to others who are only nominally with us, they will prove startling, if not repulsive. This is the case even with some of the most simple, which appear, indeed, to our view as axioms so self-evident, as to be indisputable. The use of the term Church in relation to the Establishment, has led to much mystification. It has confused many who judge by words rather than things. Such will do well to ponder the following brief and lucid statement. A clear apprehension of it will remove misconceptions with which—strange to say—we have known some Dissenters to be perplexed.

'THE ESTABLISHMENT IS NOT THE CHURCH. In leaving the Establishment, we do not leave the Church. The Church in England is the body of Christ's people in England. But, in quitting the Establishment, I do not separate from them; but, rather am throwing down some barriers, which separate me from many of them; and drawing closer the bonds which unite me to them. Nor do I even separate, in heart and spirit, from that portion of the Church which is in the Establishment. I still love that section of my fellow Christians. I do indeed leave them in one point: I take, as I conceive, a step in advance of them, in renouncing certain practical evils, to which they adhere. And, undoubtedly, I may lament and condemn their conduct in this, if

they persevere in it. But will love therefore be lost? Shall I not still feel at one with them? Undoubtedly. I leave the Establishment. But I have still the same Lord,—the same faith,—the same spiritual baptism,—the same God,—as many who remain in the Establishment. And, therefore, though I may on one point withstand them to the face, and say that they are to be blamed, I shall still regard them as brethren (however they may choose to regard me).’—P. 17.

Hence Mr. Dodson reasons that secession may be justified by other considerations than that of doctrinal corruption. Such a secession is not necessarily schism. On the contrary, it may arise from an enlightened solicitude to avoid this very evil. But there are dangers to be apprehended from secession, dangers to the hierarchy, as well as to the dissident, and these are frequently urged as a reason for remaining in its fellowship. Such considerations are supposed to have much force just now. The special circumstances of the day are instanced as giving them increased potency. The fears of good men are addressed rather than their judgment. The human probabilities are adduced instead of a divine and authoritative standard. Mr. Dodson adverts to these pleas, and the manner in which he meets them is so clear, manly, and conclusive, that we must avail ourselves of his language. He says,

‘Nor does the objection move us, that in seceding from the Establishment, we shall be leaving our places to the Tractarians; and shall soon see them working the Establishment to their own advantage, and the deadly wounding of the cause of truth. If it be so we cannot help it. We may not “do evil, that good may come.” We will not do wrong, to prevent others from doing it. The place is too strait for us. If the Tractarians do not find it so, they can stay. We cannot. Not indeed that we admit, that the Establishment belongs of right to them, any more than to us. The Establishment is not theirs, any more than ours. If we are not at home in it, neither are they. If too many of its practices and principles favour them—its doctrinal articles, being *in the main* Protestant, are against them. This, the *honest* Tractarians have confessed; and, as in duty bound, have become Papists. And so it is: Tractarians and Evangelical men must alike quit the Establishment, if true to their convictions; the former, because it is too Protestant, the latter, because it is too Popish.

‘The fact is well known, that our Reformers were Dissenters, from much of the language which they were led to adopt; and from many of the principles which they were compelled to sanction. They were great and good men, sincere Protestants, and certainly no Tractarians. Still, whether through fear and secular compulsion, or through human fallibility, they erred. They erred in aiming at too much, attempting what was impracticable, a combination of light and darkness, a comprehension of Protestants and Papists in one communion. And the result has been what is usual in such cases of compromise. Principle has been lost, and the good sought by questionable means has not

been gained. Each party has been offended, and neither propitiated. Instead of gaining both, the Establishment has lost both. The Papists, on the one hand, and the Puritans, Nonconformists, and Dissenters, on the other, renounced the system long ago. And the same process still continues. Decided men (call them if you will *extreme* men), the sincere, fearless, less calculating advocates, whether of truth or error, are still repelled: honest Tractarians are seen following the Papists, and evangelical men from within the Establishment are from time to time joining Dissenters out of it. And so it ought to be, and so it will be, at least as regards the latter, more and more, as principles are more examined, and truth more sought out. If many of the clergy do not quit the Establishment, many of the laity will. If the clergy do not at once quit their places, fewer of the right-minded will step forward, to fill the places which time empties. And then, granting that Tractarians or Papists will flock in to supply the vacancies, what will be the consequence? Simply this, that the nation will be daily more and more identified with dissent, and will be advancing in life and strength; whilst the Establishment will be undergoing an evaporating ordeal, exhausting its vitality, until, become a mere residuum of Popery and formality, and its unscriptural character and antagonism to the truth being more and more manifested, it will at length fall an easy prey, in some hour of national awakening or excitement, to one or all of those many foes, instigated by love of lucre, or hatred of oppression, or zeal for truth, whom its wealth or its corruptions will have arrayed against it. And, therefore, let it be so, that Tractarians and High Churchmen will fill our places in the Establishment; we believe, that its days are numbered, and that their adhesion will only hasten its downfall.'—Pp. 19—22.

Amongst the 'unscriptural and mischievous' principles of the Establishment, Mr. Dodson mentions its prelacy, its patronage, the compulsory maintenance of its ministers, and its relation to the State. His practical knowledge of the question enables him to place each of these in a clear and strong light, and we should be glad to know how the conscientious members of his profession meet his reasonings. The control exercised by a mere secular body, composed of men of all religious creeds, believers and infidels, churchmen and dissenters, protestants and catholics, orthodox and heterodox, is so glaring a departure from the scriptural standard, that we vainly essay to place ourselves in the position of those who regard such supremacy as consistent with reverence for the word of God. We have endeavoured to do so, but our efforts uniformly fail. Charity forbids an easy solution of the case by resolving all into dishonesty. We do not believe in such plea. All other departments of the lives of the individuals in question refute it; and we know enough of the anomalous condition of our nature, and of the complex influences by which it is swayed, to be assured that what is clear to us may be confused and impalpable to others. They see not as we see, or their con-

duct would be like ours. We admit their conscientiousness, at the same time that we stand amazed at the mental process by which honest men find rest in views so partial and distorted. Under a wholesome state of things, nay, in a system which makes any approximation to the Divine standard, the men who are recognised as absolute rulers would not be allowed a place as members of the Church. This, as Mr. Dodson remarks, is 'absurdly impious.' The popes borrowed from the heathen emperors, and Henry VIII., in revolting from Rome, retained the worst feature of the papacy. What he arrogated to the Crown the course of events has now transferred to the Parliament of England.

'In all *civil* matters,' says our author, 'every Christian owes a full and undivided submission to the Queen and Parliament: but in *spiritual* matters, in matters of faith and worship, and the administration of the internal government and discipline of the Church, *he owes the Queen and Parliament no submission.* These matters belong, *not to Cæsar, but to Christ.* Christ is the sole head of Christians in these matters. We hear, however, the objection, that, if the State is not to be the head of the Church, in regard to such matters, as well as in purely temporal matters, the consequences will be most mischievous: for that a spiritual despotism, a priestly tyranny, like that of Popery, will speedily be brought in; and the State will, in a little time, be enslaved to the Church. But this is a chimera. What we contend for is, neither a *Priest-supremacy*, as in Rome; nor a *State-supremacy*, as in the Established Church; but a *Christ-supremacy*, in other words a *Christian-supremacy*; a self-government of the Churches by the body of each Christian society. We contend for a government of the Church by those, who shall eventually "judge the world" (1 Cor. vi. 2, 3); a government of the Church by Christ himself, speaking and acting in, and by, his people (1 Cor. vi. 2). A *State-supremacy* is doubtless not so bad as a *Priest-supremacy*: but still it is altogether to be deprecated; as the upas-tree, whose deadly shade destroys the life of the Church; as a mingling of the world with the Church at the fountain-head, to the polluting and poisoning of all its waters.

'And being such, it is the duty of Christians to protest, unitedly, solemnly, and effectually, against it: and that they can only do, by first withdrawing from it.'—Pp. 31, 32.

This is strong language, too strong, we suspect, even for some Dissenters. They will turn from it, and in their folly talk of bitterness and want of charity, as though the rule of right were to be settled by appeals to feeling, or the soundness of a system to be confounded with the virtues of some of its abettors. The real question, nay the only one, submitted to our judgment, respects the truth or otherwise of the views propounded. This is the sole point we have to decide, and here Mr. Dodson's position is impregnable. 'To the law and to the testimony.'

Let *these* rule our judgment, and hesitation cannot long be felt.

Mr. Dodson's views are radical. They go far beyond the ritual and discipline of the hierarchy. He impugns the fundamental principle of the system, and calls for a return to the primitive spirituality of the Church. This is as it should be, and we rejoice in it accordingly. 'Upon the whole,' he says, 'we would abandon the Establishment principle; seeing that, whilst we cannot perceive it to possess the warranty of Scripture, we do perceive it to be at once incompatible with many essential principles; and utterly condemned by the lessons of experience, as fraught with imminent peril to the best interests of the Church.'

In further justification of his secession, our author mentions the sins of the Establishment, the results of its operations, the sufficiency of the voluntary system, the danger of the Established principle as a precedent, and the injustice inflicted on Dissenters. For the elucidation of these points we refer to his pamphlet, as we must reserve space for a brief reference to the Association, whose 'Report' stands at the head of this article. Before parting, however, from Mr. Dodson, we are solicitous to express the unmingled pleasure we have derived from his 'Brief Reasons.' His style is clear and inartificial, and his temper most admirable, free at once from bitterness and from timidity. He writes like a modest and conscientious man, and is evidently too much occupied with the gravity of his theme to permit his attention to be diverted by the accidents which arise in its discussion. Whether his conclusions are right or wrong, no candid reader can fail to perceive that he is honest and earnest. He contends for truth in the spirit of a truthful man, and there is, therefore, an entire absence from his pages of the acerbity and artifice which are the too common characteristics of controversy. We part from Mr. Dodson with sincere respect and sympathy. He has much to endure, as the following simple and touching passage shows. May the truth, which he has served at such cost, fill him with Divine peace, that he may rejoice in the approval of his Master, and look forward to the recompense of reward.

'The extent of the sacrifice,' he modestly says, 'is, perhaps, hardly such, in the present case, as to afford that indisputable pledge of overwhelming conviction, which people like to have, on an occasion of this nature. In leaving the Establishment, I do not of necessity leave all. I do not exchange, as many, in taking the same step, would have to do, competency for penury. And yet, after all, perhaps, even in this case, the sacrifice may be underrated. It is surely something, to alienate friends and displease connexions. It is something, to relinquish position, influence, and honour. It is, perhaps, not much, to be voted

vain, weak, and crotchety; to be charged with wrong and disparaging motives; and to be reviled as a renegade and apostate by those, who never sought truth, and know not, and care not, what truth is. To be thus the object of considerable wrath, bitterness, clamour, and evil-speaking, and even of proscription, and persecution in its minor forms, on the part both of interested and disinterested meddlers,—this is what may, doubtless, be borne, not only easily, but cheerfully, when we regard such ebullitions as, what they really are, *Satan's formal attestation to the truth of our principles*. But if *these* things are easy to bear, there are *others*, to which we cannot be so insensible. It is not an easy matter, to tear from one's heart the associations of a life; and still less, to sever the links of a ministerial connexion, most pleasant and endeared, of twice seven years. And, least of all, can we be indifferent to the awful thought, that, by quitting our post (though at the call of duty), we may, not improbably, be opening a door for an enemy to enter in, to the deadly wounding of those highest interests of our flock, which we have long learnt to identify with our own.

'And though it is doubtless *much* easier, it is what few would needlessly choose, to cast away much of their children's patrimony; to relinquish for them advantages of station; and to shade their fair prospects of education and advancement. Nor is it, altogether, without a pang, that we can abandon the scenes of our brightest, best, and happiest days; scenes, which our own hands have created and embellished; and which are hallowed by all our fondest recollections, and dearest associations, not only with the living, but with many who are departed. Still, I shall not attempt to deny, if any choose to assert it, that even all this is light, in comparison with the sacrifices which some would be called to make, in taking the like step.'—Pp. 65—67.

We have entered more largely than is usual with us, into an analysis of Mr. Dodson's pamphlet, in order to show our Dissenting readers the distinct and emphatic terms in which it condemns the Church system. We have often been struck with this in our intercourse with Episcopalian Voluntaries. There is a marked contrast between their phraseology and that of many Nonconformists. The language of the one is clear, direct, and forcible; that of the other, hesitating, circuitous, and feeble. The former speak as men who have felt the evil, and mourned over its deadening potency; whilst the latter have no *ideal* answering to the fact of their Dissent. Their faith is hereditary, their profession outward and formal. Their position is matter of accident, not of choice—a mere fact, which carries with it no evidence of previous spiritual conflict, and stands apart from all the higher and more generous impulses of Christian sentiment. Now, this ought not to be. Such a position does not befit a Christian man. It cannot be made to harmonize with his obligations, and is obviously repugnant to a simple-minded integrity. The Establishment system is either right or wrong, beneficial or mischievous. If the former, it ought not to be

departed from; but if the latter, it ought to be opposed with earnestness and zeal. There is no lawful medium; the magnitude of the interests involved preclude it. We need not say which is our conclusion. In this respect we are one with Mr. Dodson, and we rejoice, therefore, that the feebleness and vacillation which characterise some Dissenters do not pertain to all. The existence of the 'British Anti-state-church Association,' is proof of this fact, and we recur to its present state as one of the most hopeful symptoms of the day. The Report before us has just been presented to the Council of the Association, and the facts it details, though far from realizing all our anticipations, afford good promise for the future. The origin of the society is referrible to precisely such convictions as Mr. Dodson avows, and its object is identical with his. It is not necessary that we should explain the constitution of the society. This has been done in former articles, and our readers therefore may be assumed to be well informed on the point. We are concerned rather to notify the present state of the Association, and to urge on those who have not yet given in their adhesion, to do so without delay. We attempt this with no vain exultation. Enough is left undone to prevent all pride and self-elation. The enormous evil yet exists,—its shadow is around us. We see it, we feel it; and our very souls groan within us when we think that the Voluntary Christianity of this land would suffice for its overthrow, were it but sufficiently enlightened and self-consecrated to undertake the enterprise. In the absence of such unanimity, we rejoice in the existence of the 'British Anti-state-church Association.' Such an organization is, at least, indicative of life, and its vital functions, we are glad to learn, are unimpaired and vigorous.

'Our condition,' said the Chairman of the Annual Meeting, 'happily, is more healthful, more sound and vigorous, than it has ever been on any former occasion. It was said at first that we should soon die out—that the ultraism of a few would expend itself in speeches on set occasions; but that, in the public mind there was no strong and earnest feeling to sustain permanent action. But here we are, after several years of active operation, more vigorous than at any former period—better fitted for our work—more determined to prosecute it to the end—and furnished by the British public with larger means than were ever previously placed at our disposal.'

In proof of this statement, we are informed that the income of the society has increased considerably during the past year. This is an important and telling fact, when it is remembered that the period in question has been one of great commercial depression, and that other societies have had much difficulty in maintaining their position. The fact is still more memorable

when contrasted with the experience of all prior analogous organizations. A deficiency of funds has been the rock on which they have successively foundered, so far, at least, as the outward and palpable cause of failure is concerned. Other causes, more latent and radical, were unquestionably at work; but this has been the immediate and ostensible source of failure. To the cause of the difference we need not advert. We note only the fact, that the *increase* in the stated income of the Anti-state-church Association, during the past year, has, we believe, exceeded the whole annual revenue of any of its predecessors. The operations of the society have enlarged with its income. Ninety towns, in twenty-eight counties, have been visited by deputations; and the highly-respected lecturer of the society, Mr. Kingsley, has been extensively engaged in a course of exhausting labours.

‘In reviewing their public labours,’ say the Committee, ‘they feel constrained to express their gratitude to God at the measure of success with which they have been attended. They do not wish to conceal that some of the difficulties which they have had to encounter still remain to be overcome, and that there are many whose co-operation has still to be gained; yet the accessions which each year is bringing to their ranks, inspire them with the hope that the period is approaching when all who avowedly hold their principles will unite with them, and, as a compact phalanx, move forward to obtain the practical recognition of them by the legislature. Of the rapid change which is being effected in the public mind, the operations of the Association enable the Committee to speak with the utmost confidence. Upwards of 200 meetings, of various kinds, have been held in connexion with the society during the year. In the great majority of instances they have been attended by very large audiences, and in some, according to the assurance of parties on the spot, by audiences larger than could have been gathered together on any other public question. Even cathedral and other towns, in which clerical influence is predominant, have proved no exception to this rule; while the agricultural population have rivalled that of the manufacturing districts in their emphatic condemnation of the State-church system, and hamlets and villages have caught the enthusiasm of the cities and the towns. The attendance of Churchmen, sometimes considerable, has become a common but important feature in these public assemblies, and the clergy, and other supporters of the Establishment, have occasionally felt it to be expedient to enter the arena of discussion, although in no case have the resolutions failed to receive the support of overwhelming majorities. The meetings have also received an increased share of attention on the part of the newspaper press, which, in addition to publishing reports, has not unfrequently made them the subject of editorial comment.’

We must not omit to notice another feature of the society’s pro-

ceedings, in which a most important service has been rendered. The annual grant made by Parliament to 'Poor Protestant Dissenting Ministers,' has long been the opprobrium and bane of Dissent. We regard it with sorrow and shame, and have therefore readily concurred in the various protests which, from time to time, have been recorded against it. Resolutions condemnatory of the grant have been passed by all the more important organizations of Evangelical Dissenters, and memorials have been presented to the Ministry of the day, praying that it might be withheld. Still the grant is continued, nor is it difficult to divine the cause. It were sheer folly to suppose that either Lord John Russell or Sir Robert Peel is so tenderly concerned for the comfort of the Dissenting ministry, as to repeat the grant, from year to year, out of pure compassion. This is a mere fiction, which can have weight only with those who are willing to be deceived. But there are other reasons, and those such as statesmen are more accustomed to deal with. The same policy which prompts the endowment of the Catholic clergy of Ireland, makes our Ministers solicitous to maintain every shred of the endowed system in England. The present grant is indeed too diminutive to be influential, but it is the same in *principle* as a larger one, and has, in the meantime, the recommendation of placing us in a false position. The Committee therefore rightly concluded, that their protest should be carried beyond petitions and memorials. Another step was open to them, and the consistency and firmness with which they have taken it entitle them to our thanks.

'In their last Report,' they say, 'it was intimated that the Committee had taken steps for obtaining a division in the House of Commons on the annual grant to poor Protestant Dissenting ministers, known as the *Regium Donum*. They have now to report that, on the 23rd of August last, Mr. Lushington, M.P., in accordance with the notice which he had given, moved that the vote be struck out of the Miscellaneous Estimates. In this motion he was ably supported by Col. Thompson, and Messrs. Fox, Kershaw, G. Thompson, Bright, Hume, Muntz, Wyld, and Crawford; the task of defending the grant being left to the Prime Minister alone. It has been generally admitted, that the subject then underwent a more searching discussion, and that the opposition was of a more determined character, than on any former occasion; and though, on a division, but 28 members voted with Mr. Lushington, and 60 in favour of the grant, the Committee believe that the occurrence of the debate (a complete report of which they were enabled to lay before the public), and the comments which have since appeared in some of the public journals, have been valuable, not only as an unequivocal protest against the reception of public money, in whatever shape, by any religious body, but will materially aid in ultimately removing from Dissenters the reproach to which the grant in

question has undeservedly exposed them. Mr. Lushington has given notice of his intention to renew his motion during the present session, when the Committee will be prepared to render him similar support.*

Another subject referred to in the Report claims attention, more especially as the views of the Council were somewhat divided respecting it. It is well known that the Association was from the first regarded with mistrust, by some Dissenters, on account of its supposed political complexion. Its founders had reason to complain of the readiness with which the foolish outcry of 'political Dissenters' was raised against them. Coming from their opponents, they understood and appreciated it; but from the lips of Dissenters, it betokened an amount of ignorance and prejudice which it was mortifying to witness. The Committee, however, wisely determined to pursue their vocation, and have lived down the misconception. They have confined themselves to their proper work, relying on the transparency and rectitude of their measures for vindication. They are now happily reaping their reward in the confidence secured, and in the augmented strength with which they can address themselves to an advanced stage of their enterprise. Having been engaged for five years in instructing the public mind, and finding that a large amount of intense and active feeling exists throughout the country, they have submitted to the Council, in the Report before us, whether another step should not be taken, in order to give expression to the convictions and views which are entertained by large numbers of their constituents. The terms employed are at once distinct and guarded. They leave no doubt as to the object proposed, at the same time that they indicate a clear apprehension of the obstacles to be encountered.

* While these pages are passing through the press, we find that the debate and division have taken place. For the latter, the Dissenters are indebted to Mr. Wyld, who persisted in dividing the House after Mr. Lushington had declined doing so, on the ground that he had not been supported by petitions, as in the former instance. We are at a loss to account for the conduct of the Member for Westminster on this occasion, and wait for the explanation which he must feel to be due to his own consistency as well as to us. In his communications with the Committee of the Anti-state-church Association, Mr. Lushington never suggested a renewal of petitioning, or intimated an intention to abandon the motion of which he had given notice. It is matter for congratulation that under such circumstances, and notwithstanding that, from the suddenness of the division, some members who would have voted against the Grant, were shut out, the numbers exhibit a slight improvement on those of last session: viz.—

For the Grant	52
Against it	33
Majority	19

‘They beg further,’ says the Report, ‘to submit for consideration, whether the period has not arrived when that large and rapidly-increasing portion of the community who are desirous to obtain a separation of the Church from the State may not, with advantage, give a formal expression to their wishes by petitioning the House of Commons. They are quite aware that such a demonstration could produce no immediate effect upon that House, as at present constituted; but they leave it with the Council to determine whether it might not serve to place our principles definitely before those who are, as yet, but little acquainted with them—to put the subject in a more practical shape than it has yet assumed—and to prepare both Parliament and the public for the legislative conflicts which must precede a final victory.’

In harmony with this passage of the Report, the following resolution was submitted to the Council:—

‘That, looking to the rapid growth of opinion in favour of the separation of the Church from the State, and the tendency of events still further to influence the public mind, this Council is of opinion that the period has arrived when the subject should be pressed upon the attention of the legislature; it, therefore, requests the Executive Committee, in its future proceedings, to adopt such measures as it may deem desirable for promoting the presentation of petitions to the House of Commons.’

On this resolution a debate ensued, which was characterised by perfect freedom of speech, and admirable temper. There was no difference of opinion on the subject matter of the resolution. All agreed that the time would come when petitions should be presented;—the only question was, whether that time had arrived. Some members of the Council demurred on this point, but in the end the resolution was adopted with very few dissentients. It will be seen that the resolution prescribes no mode of petitioning. It merely expresses approval, and refers it to the Executive Committee ‘to adopt such measures as it may deem desirable.’ For ourselves, we rejoice in the decision. At the same time, we are concerned to guard against misconception. If the wisdom of the measure be dependent on the probability of the prayer of such petitions being granted by the present House, then we frankly admit that its justification cannot be made out. There is no difference on this point. The men who now assemble in St. Stephen’s are clearly in no mood to do justly in this matter. Their interest in the existing system is far too large to permit them to acquiesce in its abrogation, and public feeling is not sufficiently concentrated on the subject to overcome their reluctance. We indulge, therefore, in no Utopian hopes. We expect no miracles to be wrought. We live in a matter-of-fact age, and are prepared to labour—it may be for a longer or a shorter time—in order to a future result. The

great end of petitioning on the Church question is, in our judgment, the instruction of the community. By this means we hope to reach more easily, and at less cost, the great mass of our countrymen. Having secured, as we believe has been done, a sufficient degree of interest to induce the presentation of numerous petitions, it is desirable to make use of this interest as a method of more widely agitating the question. In the first stage of such a controversy the means of doing this are not possessed, and it was, therefore, wise to refrain in past days. But the case is different now. Our people are solicitous to petition the legislature to relieve religion from political relationship and control, and by aiding them to do so, we shall teach our senators better to understand our views, shall promote the agitation of the great question of the age, break up the inertness of large sections of our countrymen, and prepare the public mind to take advantage of the opportunities which the changes of party, and the fluctuations of public men, may possibly present. By such a course the newspaper press of the country will be rendered auxiliary to our cause. Without charge to our funds, they will become the vehicle of diffusing our views. Discussion will thus be promoted, healthy agitation will be carried on, our principles will be reported where our voice is not heard, and even the bitterness of party, and the pride and bigotry of priestly intolerance, will become unwittingly the means of aiding our progress. We say, then, to our friends, be ready to aid the Anti-state-church Association in the suggestions it may hereafter publish. Wait for its counsel, and if you approve, then act upon it with single-mindedness and energy. Having learned the truth, give it utterance in brief and terse speech. Make it known in the high places of the land, that our senators may become familiar with its phraseology, their misconceptions be corrected, and a preparation, at least, be made for renouncing a patronage which they wield only to corrupt, and divesting themselves of a control which was never legitimately delegated to them.

Here we might close, were we not anxious, by the example of Mr. Dodson, to stimulate a very estimable class, which stands out in real though unavowed opposition to the Anti-state-church Association. We do not refer to the half religious men amongst Dissenters—the men of some money and of more pride, who covet civic honours or social position, and therefore keep their principles in the back ground. Dissenterism is unfashionable in certain circles. It opens no great man's drawing-room, is deemed plebeian and rude, and is barely tolerated as a name only. Those to whom we now refer hold it, consequently, with a slight and slippery grasp. In the issue, many discard it altogether, but in the mean time, and

before this consummation is attained, they occupy a sort of medium position. They are now within and now without the pale of the Establishment, talking fluently at one time against the ultraism of Dissent, and at another, discoursing in cold and formal terms on the evils incident to hierarchical supremacy. The language of such men is dependent on their companionship, though one thing is uniformly apparent, they have never felt the gravity of the theme, nor pondered over its relations to eternity. It would be amusing, were it not too solemn for mirth, to observe the religious affectation under which such men veil their indifference. They are *par excellence* solicitous about the spirituality of religion. They grieve over its desecration, dread the corruption of the churches, and call up the shades of Owen and Howe, of Watts and Doddridge, in a manner which bespeaks their ignorance of the simplest facts of our history. We have little to say to such men, nor are we anxious to secure their co-operation. Their adhesion would only weaken, by distracting our councils, and infusing elements of secularity into our movement. The religious tone of their minds does not fit them for the work we have to do, and their first duty respects its improvement. They must become more religious themselves before they are qualified to engage in the more spiritual departments of such a conflict.

But there are other men standing aloof from the Association, of whom we cannot well, on many accounts, speak too highly. They are deserving of respect, and we entertain it unfeignedly. In their pastoral labours we rejoice, the excellences of their character we appreciate and most readily admit, and should esteem the abandonment of their special vocation a serious detriment to the Church. Yet with all this we esteem them faulty. Eminent in other respects, they fail, in our judgment, to appreciate their responsibility in reference to the case in hand. We regard the Church system of this country as part and parcel of the great apostasy. 'The Man of Sin' is visible to us at Canterbury as well as at Rome—not, indeed, in so complete and perfected a form, but in its radical feature, an inherent and essential contrariety to God's word. The effect of both is similar, identical in nature, though differing in degree. This system we regard as the most formidable obstacle existing amongst us to the diffusion of genuine religion, and feel therefore bound, by the terms of our Christian profession, to denounce and seek its overthrow. So far from our spirituality being damaged by the enterprise, it constrains us to the service, and gathers strength from the efforts involved. Of all religious enterprises, this is the most religious. We do not undervalue foreign or home missions, Sunday schools, Tract or Bible societies. On the contrary, we

are ready to join in all such, but if we must have preferences, then we say that, judging by a simply religious rule, our first efforts must be directed to the vindication of our Master's supremacy, and the cleansing of his Church from the secularity by which it has been defiled. Our hope for the world is founded on the Church. This is the pillar and ground of the truth, but its vocation cannot be followed, nor its solemn obligations be discharged, so long as it is the plaything of statesmen, a mere engine worked by secular men for their worldly ends. Resent it as they may, it is our deep conviction that the Church of England destroys far more souls than it saves. It substitutes formalism for spirituality, an hereditary faith for the vital doctrines of evangelical truth. With such convictions we cannot but feel surprise at the inactivity—we use the mildest term—of some estimable men who concur in the principles of the Association, and find in its measures no fair occasion of offence. It was perhaps wise, prudent rather we should say, to be neutral at first. But how stands the case now? The experience of five years is before them. The principles of the Association, and the temper of its conductors, have been tested. No other analogous organization exists. All thoughtful men admit that the formation of any such is hopeless. Why then, we ask, respectfully, but distinctly, stand aloof and refuse your aid? Here is a gigantic evil in the very path of your Christian labours. Thousands of your countrymen are lulled by it into fatal security. The light that is in them is darkness, and you possess the means of 'purging their much abused sight.' Let these facts be seriously pondered by unprejudiced and devout men, and the result will be seen in the accession of large numbers to the British Anti-state-church Association. We might say much more, but we refrain. The time for inaction is past. God's providence is working out its own marvellous designs. The Church question is uppermost everywhere. At home and in the colonies, throughout England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, it is rife. It meets our statesmen from every quarter. They cannot evade it, do what they will. Whigs, Conservatives, and Radicals, are becoming growingly sensible of this. They would that it were otherwise, but necessity is laid upon them, and they cannot escape. The Church question is emphatically *the* question of the day. It has slept for centuries, but has at length come forth from its repose, and now challenges attention in a manner not to be slighted. We may well say, 'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.' May its light dawn on an awakened, earnest, and spiritual Church. Then will the glory of the latter day burst upon the nations, and Zion, arising from the dust, will 'put on her beautiful garments,' and sing salvation to the Lord.

Memorie di F. D. Guerrazzi, scritte da lui medesimo. (Memoirs of F. D. Guerrazzi, written by himself.) Livorno: 1848.

THE recent Prime Minister of Tuscany is undoubtedly one of the first Italian novelists of the day. Among the works of fiction which yearly issue from the press in Italy, so large a portion is derived by translation or imitation from ultramontane sources, that since military duties and grave public cares have restricted the eloquent author of 'Niccolò de' Lapi' to the creation of a few political pamphlets, the works of Francesco Guerrazzi almost exclusively deserve to find an echo beyond the Alps.

Nor is it their high literary merit alone which should render the productions of this author as attractive to foreigners as to his countrymen. There is abundant matter for interesting investigation in the connexion which exists between the character and aim of his writings, and the nature and form of the political edifice, he has attempted to raise.

To these highly remarkable works, some of them, if we mistake not, wholly unknown in England, and all less so than they deserve to be, we may have an opportunity of directing our readers on some future occasion. Our present intention is to place before them, both as a curious subject for psychological study, and as matter of political interest at the present time, the extraordinary self-manifestations which M. Guerrazzi has put forth in the little volume of Autobiography, whose title we have placed at the head of this article.

The impression left on our minds by our author's self-painting is easily stated. His is a hard, strong, self-consistent intellect; a proud, shy, irascible temperament; yet clear-sighted, persevering, and doggedly resolute of purpose. He is indulgent neither to himself nor others. He knows that he is capable of unwearied labour and stern self-denial, and therefore grants to others no ampler measure of allowance than he metes to himself. He is a man (we have it on his own word) who 'has no pity to spare for any one, who, with youth and strength on his side, is reduced to the extremity of want.' He himself, when driven from his father's roof by his own wilfulness, compelled to sleep on the bare ground, with a brick for his pillow, and hardly enough of coarse food and water to support life, yet throve upon endurance, and within a short time contrived to earn 'money more than enough, so as to become quite lavish of expense.' And it was thus he learned to wrest from the crucible of suffering the maxim that, 'every man carries his destiny in his own grasp.' 'Why,'

he asks, 'should not man possess the capacity with which the meanest worm is endowed, that of either boring the hard grained wood, or dying at the task?'

Strange as his sudden advent to power would have appeared in any country, it was utterly unparalleled in the history of the courts of Italy. There, the high offices of the State have long been either mere appendages to a family title of nobility, or the reward of assiduous cringing, bribery, and intrigue. Things, indeed, had somewhat changed of late. The good easy ruler of Tuscany, '*il Toscano Morfeo*,' as the satirical poet Giusti irreverently styles him, had been roused from his protracted nap by clamours often repeated and of no doubtful character. The state coffers were utterly exhausted, yet a hopeless and ruinous war must needs be instantly declared against Austria, and a ministry must be formed capable of saving the country from bankruptcy without offending the vanity of the populace by any show of a leaning towards peace. Hard conditions these, and difficult to fulfil.

The pacific Grand Duke, however, was still, as always, ready to do his utmost to satisfy his restless malcontents, spoilt children as they were. One after another the few eligibles of Florence were promoted to the ministry, tried, found wanting, and dismissed, more rejoiced at their release than they had been at their promotion. The dilemma of the Grand Duke, meanwhile, began to assume a ludicrous resemblance to that of a little maiden of whom we remember to have read in a German fairy tale. This childish heroine being bound by ghostly contract to guess the name of a goblin that haunted her, and having twenty times without success run over the weary roll-call, 'Is it John?—*No*; Is it Tom?—*No*,' managed, in a fit of inspired terror, to hit unaccountably enough on her tormentor's real title of Rumpelstiltskin. As unexpected was the late success of the Grand Duke when he alighted on that of Guerrazzi.

Terrible was the thundershock its utterance gave to the slumbrous and only half-roused Court of Tuscany. And no wonder! A State prison his starting-place, the State's helm his goal, Guerrazzi's race against circumstances and difficulties was no ordinary one. He rode a headlong steeple-chase across a dangerous country, neck or nothing; never drawing rein, nor sparing spur, while the winning-post, which drew him on, was a mere point in the distance. And yet if his writings present a faithful transcript of his intentions and aspirations, we must believe that his endeavours were conscientiously directed towards a nobler prize than mere personal aggrandizement.

Every page teems with expressions of ardent love for his misunderstood and misgoverned Italy. At her call, he says, he

would unhesitatingly live or die to serve her, whichever might profit her most. So at least he ceases not to declare, and his friends attest his sincerity.

At all events he steadily maintained his political creed through stripes, and tribulations, and perils among false brethren; and when the unlooked-for moment arrived, when his name was uttered as the talismanic word which would save Tuscany, he sprang forward at a burst, fresh from the dungeons of Porto Ferrajo, to the chair of honour next the throne. There he sat, the substance of the shadowy royalty beside him.

Surely there must be an uncommon strength and energy of will in this man. There is something remarkable, something akin to the old Greek destiny in the course he has followed, with his cold clear eye never swerving from its point of magnetic attraction. And this course we shall presently trace in examining his lately published Memoirs.

We find, from a short address prefixed to the work by its editors, that it was first published in January, 1848. Scarcely was it printed, when the author was sent to the state prison of Elba on a charge of sedition. The whole number of copies in the editors' hands, amounting to 5,000, were immediately seized, and destroyed by the police, who exacted a promise from the publisher not to keep back a single copy of this 'most dangerous book.' The promise was given and scrupulously fulfilled; but by some unexplained accident, a copy had already fallen into other hands, and within a short time it was reprinted, with the false date of Bastia, and sold in great numbers.

It professes to be a reply to a letter addressed to the author by a friend (Giuseppe Mazzini), on the appearance of his romance of the 'Siege of Florence.' Part of this letter is published at the end of the volume, and was omitted in the prohibited reprint of the work. The excuse, however, of having to answer some objections raised by Mazzini against the plan and execution of his romance, is evidently only a pretext used by Guerrazzi, whereon to string some brief but graphic notices of his life, and professions of his political faith. To these he has considerably added in this last edition; for the motives and actions, which, a few months since, were branded as worthy only of a Catiline, may, since his position has so marvellously changed, be vauntingly published as so many precious gems of patriotic virtue and sublime aspiration.

Be it known then to our readers, (if they should feel any interest in the fact), that the Guerrazzi are an ancient Livornese family, of noble blood. One of the name, it seems, fought manfully in olden times against the Turks in Hungary, and received the order of St. Stephen's, as letters patent from Don

Matthias de' Medici attest, for good service in the field. In later times, another of the family, Raphael by name, was governor of Leghorn; and Donato, the author's grandfather, 'led a body of soldiers, fitted out at his own expense, to Naples, to help Prince Charles to the throne.' But the king, according to immemorial custom, forgot the prince's obligations, and the poor Condottiero was obliged to return, mortified and impoverished, to his native town, where, late in life, he married a girl of low birth, lived a few years upon the sale, piece by piece, of the remaining possessions of the family, and died miserably, as it is supposed, in an hospital, leaving his young wife about to give birth to her first child, the author's father.

The posthumous child contrived to pick up a better education than might have been expected under the circumstances. He was at first apprenticed to an engraver; afterwards he contracted a close intimacy with two French artists of renown, a painter and a sculptor, driven to Leghorn by the outbreak of the first French revolution. By their lessons he profited so greatly as to become the first artist in the city; but we are not informed whether his profession was painting or sculpture. Guerrazzi dilates with great complacency on the hard, grave, taciturn, unbending character of this father, who appears, indeed, by precept and example, to have fashioned the author's mind into the likeness of his own.

He says, 'My father, by his will of iron, created a will of granite in his sons . . . He found this out at last, and bitterly repented it when too late, yet I hardly think either that he would have had it altered if he could.' Guerrazzi, the father, was a lover of books, of the graver sort. Livy and Tacitus were his favourites among the ancient historians. Of the latter, he once said in his son's ear, 'That man wrote history with a dagger's point. Better to plant it in the tyrant's heart and die!' (*Memorie*, p. 23.) He was wont to maintain also that the study of Macchiavelli's works was more efficacious than any other in making men honest. But his favourite authors were Dante and Plutarch; so much so, that he fairly wore out several copies of their works in his lifetime.

An unbounded hatred for tyranny seems to have been the fruit of his teaching. 'Tyranny,' we read, 'as often wears the Phrygian cap as the golden diadem, and may be the offspring of misery, presumption, and ignorance, as well as of power and dignity; therefore, I say, that I hate *all* tyranny.' (*Memorie*, p. 25.) Never more than at the present time has this impartial hatred been needed. May he have the courage and sincerity to maintain it amidst all possible reverses.

It is remarkable that a tinge of sentimental egotism, a certain proneness to *poser en victime*, as our Gallic neighbours call it, should colour a mind so tempered by severe education as Guerrazzi's. Self-pity found no encouragement from such a father as his. At a very early age, he one day comes to blows with a school-fellow, who, finding himself worsted in fair fight, ran behind his antagonist, and from a ledge of wall drops a heavy stone on his head, which sends him home bleeding and crying bitterly over his disaster. His father meets him at the door, hears his story, and instead of condoling with him, strikes him on the face, saying, 'Those who are afraid of wounds, should not go to the wars.' It appears that religious instruction formed no part of the boy's education. 'When I spoke to my father of the Creator, of the splendour of creation, and of a future state, he used to reply, "You are a poet—poets and painters must have a variety of colours rubbed upon the palette."'

We can hardly wonder at the result of such training being the 'will of granite,' already mentioned. In another place he says of himself,—'In matters unimportant, as well as in those of moment, I form a design; I reason it into shape, and when it is quite clear, I say to myself,—'This I have resolved on, and this I will do. Thenceforth the end is fated. *Aut Cæsar aut nihil*. Either I find the bottom, or perish by the way, but *never* do I turn back.' Curious snatches of autobiography these.

At the age of fourteen, this cherished obstinacy of purpose began to grow troublesome. The elder Guerrazzi had let a portion of his land at a price which seemed to his son imprudently low. The latter remonstrated; the father threatened; and the boy quitted his home fully resolved never to return to it again. It was then that he learned, as we before remarked, to endure the sharpest pressure of want; but his tenacity of will, if it got him into the scrape, at least served to help him out of it also. He soon obtained employment (for his talent seems to have been known even at that early age), as a corrector of the press, a translator, and a teacher of boys older than himself.

Thus he contrived to live, he does not tell us for how long, but we find him next 'approaching the age for going to the University, and unable to do so for want of means.' His father had long intended him for the law. With somewhat uncommon foresight, the parent, before his marriage, had vowed one of his sons, *in posse*, to that profession, with a view of regaining certain lands long withheld from the family by grasping connexions. His choice subsequently fell upon the young Francesco; why, he says, he does not know, except that his brothers were even more unfit for it than he.

His father's affection for him appears to have been very powerful, inasmuch as he made many advances at this period to induce the truant to return home, but in vain. Francesco refused the mediation of friend after friend, saying, that he was not conscious of having been in the wrong. At last the father came in person to invite him home. This appeal from so hard and obdurate a man was irresistible. The two stubborn hearts met in one repentant embrace; 'and so he took me home,' says the writer, 'without a word.' From that time the harmony which subsisted between father and son was unbroken through the whole remaining life of the former. Francesco Guerrazzi went soon after to the University of Pisa, where a vehement thirst for knowledge, and especially for the study of Greek, so took possession of him, that he even feigned illness on one occasion for fifteen days in order to shut himself up in unbroken solitude with his beloved books. By so doing, he likewise indulged the dark and moody temper common, he says, to all his family: and study, hitherto a passion, now became a necessity to him.

The picture he draws of the chaotic confusion of intellect, which was the fruit of his heterogeneous reading before this period, is amusing enough. His father had made him a present of a large chest of books. He eagerly opened it, and as eagerly plunged into its contents. A motley group, in truth, they would seem to have been! The entire works of 'Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Bacon; Ariosto, Passavanti, Mrs. Radcliffe, the Arabian Nights, the Thousand and One Days, Tales of Pirates, Homer, Ossian, Travels, Natural History,' &c. &c. These latter were the first devoured. Then came 'Voltaire's' turn; from whom I 'drank again and again, so as to colour my very bones, like those of animals who feed on madder.' The graver works were left for the last, yet they, too, were at length tried, abandoned, tried again, and finally understood. Then began a wondrous 'jigging and whirling' in the young enthusiast's brain.

'The Chancellor of England poussetted with Messer Lodovico Ariosto. Father Passavanti trod on the heels of Monsieur Voltaire, and President de Montesquieu's red robe and Mrs. Radcliff's white skirt were jumbled together in a frantic pirouette. I was near having a brain fever. Not one of my productions was consistent throughout in its colouring. My aphorisms ended in an epigram. My tales of terror concluded with poetical reveries; and a theological oration on the seven deadly sins was sure to finish with a description of the beauties of Alcina. Nevertheless, the heaving and boiling of the chaos grew still at last, and out of it there arose a medley of passion and sarcasm, of faith and scepticism, of dogmatism and investigation, of timidity and fearlessness, of oriental richness of imagery and the formularies

of a severe logic, of shyness and impetuous energy, of proneness to discouragement and convulsive power, and of innumerable other qualities, not at war with, but antithetical to each other, which have coloured all the creations of my brain.'—P. 42.

We have permitted ourselves this extract, because it gives the secret of the vigorous, and sometimes capricious style, which must have struck horror into the hearts of such drowsy novelists and mawkish sonneteers of modern Italy as still persuade themselves that, in the mummied features of long-entombed academic puerilities, they still find the true line of beauty. As the smallest departure from the traditional worship of these idols is, in their opinion, a stride towards barbarism, we may conceive the mixture of contempt and dismay with which they look on the offspring of an intellect as erratic as that of Guerrazzi.

We think we hear a circle of these doughty critics pronouncing judgment on some of the most powerful passages of our author. '*Burocco!*' cries one—'*Stravagante!*' sneers another. '*Bassezze, indegne della dola favella!*' shout they all in chorus. And then, with intense contempt on their lips, they go their way to polish an eulogium, or to torture a distich, each one of them enclosed, like some minute summer insects in his hollow froth-bubble of conceits, and wotting nothing of the great world of thought beyond.

Another circumstance, which helped to drive the young student's mind out of the beaten track, was the arrival of Lord Byron at Pisa, which took place during the first year of his stay at the University. He had long been master of the literary treasures of four languages; and the works of the noble poet were no strangers to him.

Of all men of universal celebrity, Byron was the one most calculated to inflame the emulation of Guerrazzi.

'They said he was of royal birth, possessed of unbounded wealth, bloodthirsty by nature, and of ferocious habits (!) Master of all manly and noble exercises, the genius of evil, but endowed with superhuman intellect. . . . Truly it was a miracle this time, if I saved my poor brain from a vertigo.'

Further on he tells us:—

'I never stopped to consider whether the gold was all refined or no, but I greedily stuffed my bosom with it, and for many years I only saw and heard through Byron.'—P. 45.

Not long after this we find our author banished for a year from the University, simply because 'I had been selected oftener than others to read the Neapolitan papers aloud at the Caffé degli Scolari, and had acquitted myself so as to obtain frequent

applause.' This was a sad blow to his legal prospects ; accordingly he went to Florence to try and obtain reversion of the sentence.

Introduced to the presence of the President of the *buon Governo*, he is at first hardly listened to ; but having remonstrated, with somewhat more of shrewdness than of reverence, he is dismissed as being but ' a silly boy, unworthy of attention.' Nevertheless, from that day the silly boy's name was marked on the books of the police, who failed not to *bide their time* for plenary retribution on his misdoings.

The year of banishment elapsed, he returned to Pisa, where he became a butt for persecution to all those who wished to stand well with the self-styled *paternal Government*. Despite the peaceful character of his life, there was no end to reproofs from one official, summonses from another, admonitions from a third. At length he left the University, ' unadvanced in learning, persecuted, disgusted with men and life, growing more and more gloomy.'

Curious, to mark how the persecutions of petty tyranny wrought upon his ardent and impatient nature, as ice-cold water tempers steel, and assisted in making him the future champion of republicanism, and the idol of the subversive party. Returned to Leghorn, he struggled hard against his disinclination for the law, to which he was destined. He says, ' that he would fain have been a soldier, or in default of that, have applied himself zealously to scientific pursuits.' But the dry tediousness of commercial law was his appointed vocation, and in this he toiled to such purpose, that his income is said to have amounted in later years, to 40,000 Tuscan *lire* annually (nearly £1,500 in English money). A sum unusual, when compared with the receipts of most professional men in Italy.

Matters seem to have gone prosperously enough with our author until the year 1828, when, if we are to believe his assertion, he was *compelled* to join a certain society, called *Accademia labronica*, which he believes yet to exist.* ' A crazy undertaking it was,' he says ; ' I proposed some reforms, but did not succeed in carrying them. I then wished to quit the society ; but was refused, and they kept me among them to compose an eulogy on a brave Livornese soldier, Cosimo del Fante. I took this task for an honour, when it was, in fact, a snare.' The discourse in question, which was subsequently declared undeserving of blame by the Grand-ducal Government, was, at the time, converted into a ground of secret accusation against its unconscious writer.

* Memorie, p. 59.

Suddenly, and without a word of explanation or inquiry, he was torn from his family, and sent into banishment for six months at Montepulciano. The eulogy on Cosimo del Fante may be found in a recently published volume of Guerrazzi's works, among other kindred matter; and will afford a singular proof of the ingenuity exercised by the police, in wresting even a show of treason from paragraphs so harmless.

The exile carried with him an assurance from the Governor of Leghorn, that he should very soon return; nay, the worthy functionary added, '*with tears*, that the injustice done me should quickly be repaired, even if he had to travel to Dresden for it, whither the Grand Duke had lately gone.' It is almost needless to add, that the tears and the promises were equally unworthy of credence, and that Guerrazzi had to wear out his six months' penance 'watch in hand,' and return home again at their close in no very pacific mood.

This was not an unparalleled, nor even a very uncommon circumstance in Tuscany, under the quondam *paternal* sway. Not a grade of society but could furnish examples of like arbitrary violence, which left the hearts of its victims sore and cankered by the hateful *régime* of suspicion and injustice.

Our author's mind now became thoroughly warped by brooding over its injuries. A bilious *Byronic* tinge was cast over all his future. He considered himself as 'a flower watered with aquafortis.'(!) He 'looked for no more joy in this life,' and struggling daily with the meshes which encompassed him, he grew every day surer that, 'Liberty and sovereignty cannot exist together. Ever at strife, like Eteocles and Polinices even in the womb of their mother Jocasto, if laid on one funeral pile like Eteocles and Polinices, the fire which consumed them would split into two inimical spires of flame.' Ominous indications of opinion these, in the prime minister of so weak and facile a prince!

To that passion, which usually exercises so powerful an influence over the earlier years of manhood, Guerrazzi owed no alleviation of his sufferings and persecutions. At an early period of this Memoir (p. 36), he informs us that he 'was not fortunate in love. I loved indeed, but repented of my passion, and kept aloof from its object.' He indulges in but one sentimental and highly coloured episode on this subject. We have neither space nor inclination to transplant to our pages, what to us, and, we doubt not, to our readers, would convey the impression rather of a piece of lurid sentimentality, got up in very melodramatic taste, than of the honestly told tale of a first love;—but such as desire to see the stern republican in the melting mood, may turn to page 101 of the '*Memorie*.'

New troubles came upon him in 1831. His native town, distinguished above all the cities of Italy by its disorderly and restless population, begins to vibrate strongly in unison with the commotion in France, Belgium, and Poland. Again, he is enticed into joining a factious assembly of his fellow-townsmen. It is there proposed, that a provisional government be formed, and a National Guard immediately enrolled. He, on the contrary, preaches prudence, and advises them to wait, until they can learn the dispositions of the capital. Having succeeded in convincing his friends of the madness of their first scheme, he sets off for Florence with one or two others, finds, as he had suspected, all quiet there, and returns in haste 'to prevent any ill-advised attempts at Leghorn.'

But, alas! for Italian good faith and honour! The president of that very society denounces him to the Government as an exciter of sedition; 'a promoter of the very movement I had succeeded in putting down!' This time, as usual, the traitor was rewarded with advancement, the accused kept under surveillance for awhile; obliged, 'like a thief, to return to my home at sundown,' and soon after, as a greater indignity, flung into prison 'among murderers, women of infamous life, and malefactors of all sorts.' Leghorn had just previously been thrown into consternation, as some of our readers may remember, by the discovery of the horrible excesses of a horde of secret assassins, called *the band of the red sash*, bound by a ferocious compact to bathe their poinards every night in human blood. It is grievous to see a man like Guerrazzi, attempting, as he says, '*if not to defend, at least in some measure to exculpate; if not to exculpate, at least to explain the sanguinary instinct*' of these inhuman wretches, by contending that, 'our youths are over desirous of displaying courage!' Sad is it to see him attributing a series of cowardly and ferocious midnight murders to the same impulse as prompts the rescue of the crew of some foundering vessel in the roads. When they hear the minute guns of distress, the Livornese boatmen freely, as he assures us, throw themselves into their boats, and hasten to the scene of danger without hope of reward. So far, so good; but even if it be true, as he goes on to say, that the turbulent Livornese are over fond of relating their prowess and vaunting their generous deeds on such occasions, still we confess ourselves utterly unable to trace a connexion between the mere weakness, at which we smile, and the revolting crime which paralyzes our hearts.

Such notions, indeed, cannot but be felt to indicate an obtuseness of moral sentiment most painful to contemplate in one called to exercise influence on the destinies of his fellow-citizens. And when he further informs us that the youth of

Leghorn are led to stab their unoffending townsmen in the dark, from an excess of *noble daring*—that they are wont to propose to each other a '*coltellata*' in the heart of the next passer in the street, as a test of courage, (!) we feel that the moral condition of the intellect which can offer such a defence for such deeds, is not *less* revolting than the savage barbarism of the more uneducated perpetrators of them. Truly, if this be an Italian moralist's notion of courage, we think that Englishmen will be of opinion, although not generally partial to poltroonery, that Italy would do better to content herself with her habitual cowardice, than attempt to ape an uncongenial virtue, which she evidently so little appreciates or understands.

But to return to the '*Memoir*.' The confinement of these ruffians in the prison, of which Guerrazzi was for some time an inmate, gave rise to a scene of horrible atrocity, of the consequences of which he was an eye-witness ('*Memoir*,' p. 77).

In one common dungeon were confined a number of persons guilty of every variety of crime. Among them were several of the above-named murderers. When night came on, these monsters, inflamed by liquor, extinguished the lights, unsheathed their knives, and, maddened by their thirst for blood, attacked their fellow-prisoners indiscriminately in the darkness. No words can paint the tumult of horrid shrieks and groans which arose from that den of massacre. Our author listened with horror to 'the storm of curses, prayers, and entreaties for mercy,' which raged within, till the cowardly jailer, who 'for a long while took good care not to stir,' yielding at last to the injunctions of the agents of police, the soldiery, and the brotherhood of mercy, unbarred the door with very needful precaution; for a knife was aimed at him, as he entered, which would have killed him but for the metal pitcher, which he held shield-wise before him.

The horrors of that night were brought to a climax by the flaring torches of the misericordia, the throng of biers and litters which choked up the prison court, the piteous moans of the wounded as they were laid out upon them, and, more terrible than all, 'the gurgling sound of the blood flowing from their gaping wounds, like oil from the barrel.' All this our author witnessed from the window of his cell, which looked into the court of the prison. A dreadful spectacle! and one which cried aloud against the blind and pernicious course of mismanagement by which such a catastrophe had been brought about. Yet, strange to say, the feeling uppermost in Guerrazzi's heart, at the time, seems to have been personal indignation at the injustice which detained 'the *vowed worshipper of the Muses*, in such a place, among scenes so revolting.'

Once more released from prison, as it would seem from mere caprice, and without a pretence of trial or examination, he returns home and finds his cherished manuscripts scattered or stolen, his credit gone, his affairs in disorder, his practice lost. He is incessantly worried by the most absurd and extravagant accusations; that, for example, of having purchased 40,000 muskets, at a time when all Leghorn did not contain half that number. Again, on an occasion of solemnity (the funeral of a dear friend), he borrows of a young sculptor two casts of the statues of 'Silence' and 'Constancy,' wherewith to adorn the bier. The second of these casts, being crossed and recrossed with lines and points of measurement in a manner familiar to the eye of every sculptor, is converted by the ignorant malice of his persecutors into an 'Allegorical image of Italy divided into Federal Republics!' Spies are hired to watch his most trivial actions; nor is he at all the less disgusted because one of them, more honest than his fellows, gives him secret warning of his peril.

Thus far his 'iron constitution' bears him up amid his troubles, though destined to give way later, beneath the ceaseless attacks of evil fortune.

In September, 1834, he has to undergo a fresh irruption of the police emissaries into his home. Every article of furniture is overhauled, every nook and corner rummaged out. Books are robbed of their leaves; walls, and even brick floors, pierced in vain; no suspicious matter is found in his possession; yet, none the less is he again imprisoned, together with a goodly company of equally guiltless delinquents, who shared the common misfortune of being men of talent and of liberal opinions.

Angiolini, Salvagnoli, and Venturi, advocates of some celebrity; Professor Contrucci, Count Agostini, and several other Tuscans of note, were, he relates, involved in the same condemnation. Each of them, as he arrived, asked the others, 'How came you hither?' 'I cannot tell.' 'And you?' 'I know not either.' After a few days, Guerrazzi and three others were removed to Elba, and imprisoned in Fort Stella.

They were placed in separate cells, and all communication between them was rigorously forbidden. Books and writing materials were not, however, prohibited, and our author's most celebrated romance, the 'Siege of Florence,' owes its birth to his incarceration at Porto Ferrajo. Of this work we may, perhaps, have an opportunity of speaking, on some future occasion, at greater length, but it may be remarked here, in proof of the enthusiasm it excited, that 60,000 copies were sold in Palermo alone, shortly after its prohibition by the censorship. The author's chief aim in composing this novel, he declares to have been, 'to try if any spark of vitality yet remained in the body of my country,

which might kindle present and future generations into existence.' He also quotes the following lines of Petrarch, as containing the pervading idea of the work:—

‘Che si aspetti non sò, nè che si agogni
Italia, che i suoi guai non par che senta.
Vecchia oziosa e lenta,
Dormirà sempre, e non fia chi la svegli?
La man le avess'io entro i capedi!’—

which may be indifferently rendered:—

‘Italia's hopes, I know not, nor her aim,
Who seems as if unconscious of her woe.
A drowsy crone and slow,
Sleeps she for age? will none her slumber scare?
Oh that this hand were twisted in her hair!’

‘Therefore,’ he continues, ‘I thought it charity to inflict on her all the torments practised by the tyrants of old, and to invent new ones of greater intensity, to excite the sensibility of this, my country, fallen into a state of miserable lethargy. I wounded her, and into her wounds I poured sulphur and flaming pitch. I galvanized her, and God only knows my fearful anxiety when I saw her livid lips move, and her dim eyes unclosed. Perhaps, said I to myself, her vital spark may be reached through her pride; perhaps, by exciting her anger, by appealing to her compassion, or by arousing her vengeance. Perhaps it sleeps in the tombs of our fathers; or, possibly, it may need the foretaste of coming glories to kindle it to life.’ With much more to the same purpose.

‘I chose,’ he adds, ‘the part of Prometheus. I was resolved to animate the statue on condition of yielding up my liver to the eternal hunger of the vulture.’ By a bizarre coincidence, this simile is less exaggerated than it appears; for the unlucky minister informs us, that a distressing liver-complaint has actually been the consequence of his imprisonment, and its concomitant labours of a composition, which he styles, ‘The Benoni, or child of bitterness of my life.’

Once more released from prison, his former friends shunned him like a leper. ‘And, in truth, I *was* consumed by the double leprosy of poverty and persecution.’ But the indomitable pride of his nature saved him the disgrace of owing anything to such lukewarm friendship as theirs. ‘They need not have feared; for sooner would I have dashed my head against the wall, than have asked aid of any one.’ His father, indeed, assisted him freely and generously, and by his help he again returned to his professional avocations.

For three years after this the torments of *neuralgic tic* were added to Guerrazzi's mental sufferings. The attacks of this for-

midable malady became so violent, that they reduced him to the shadow of his former self. He says, 'My body was bent, all my hair fell off, I grew sallow, and frightfully emaciated.' And further on, 'When the paroxysm came on, I used to lose my senses, but not the consciousness of anguish. The tears gushed in streams from my eyes, I writhed upon the ground, roaring with pain, and tearing my sheets, my linen, nay, my own flesh with my teeth.'

After the description of his sufferings, he winds up a really graphic paragraph with this strangely characteristic piece of affected sentimentalism, which looks as if the old 'jigging and whirling' in his brain had not entirely ceased its visitations. 'But it is over now. All things pass over, and so shall we with our passions, our vices, and our virtues!' A very just reflection—as accurately applicable to the conclusion of his daily dinner as to that of his disease!

The death of his father, his brother, and two dear friends (fellow-prisoners, too, at Fort Stella), all which events occurred in the space of a few months, combined with the lowering aspect of public affairs to make him compare this period of his life to 'the street of Pompeii, where at every step and on either hand rises a tomb.' But domestic afflictions seem only to have had the effect of concentrating his energies upon the work he had in hand (the 'Siege of Florence'), which, he fully believed, would prove the hurricane that should stir up the dead sea of Italian lethargy. He foresaw that it would cost him sufferings and persecutions, and it did so; but he considered them all overpaid when, despite the utmost efforts of the police of the various Italian governments to prevent the circulation, nay, even the possession of a single copy of the work, he found it read 'with shame and indignation at the fallen condition of their country, by all ranks of the people, under the very talons of the police.'

The remaining pages of the volume before us, afford no further glimpses of autobiography wherewith to fill up the long interval of thirteen years, which extends from the date of the last recorded facts, to that of 1847, which closes the 'Memoir.' We can but complete the story of the author's life by the mention of two, and those important, epochs. In the year 1847 Guerrazzi was a second time a state prisoner at Porto Ferrajo, for exciting seditious disturbances at Leghorn. It may be presumed, that the concluding paragraphs of the 'Memoir' darkly hint at, or presage, this new calamity; but the gusty violence of the writer's indignation prevents our doing more than guessing at its cause.

The second epoch we allude to is his temporary accession to power, as Prime Minister of Tuscany, in October, 1848. A more

startling change of scene, or rather, perhaps, of *costume* than this, in a life made up of struggles and vicissitudes, it is impossible to conceive. We cannot doubt, either, that there are more wonders behind, for some future narrator to round off the 'strange eventful' story withal.

The strong will which compasseth all things, bore him up even when his bodily strength gave way beneath the *peine forte et dure* of disgrace heaped on sorrow, poverty upon disgrace, and intense bodily pain on both of these; and we cannot doubt that this powerful lever is even now straining at the obstacles which impede his course towards an aim, whether lawful or unlawful, time only can decide. Clearly defined and unswervingly pursued we know it will be, remembering his own words, '*aut Cæsar aut nihil.*' 'This I have resolved on, and this I will do.'

Such is the account Guerrazzi has seen good to give us of himself, and of the influences which made him what he is. The moral of the story is an old one. Cromwells and Hampdens were made by very similar processes. We have only to hope (though we are constrained, by that part of the drama already enacted, to confess without much expectation of a happy result) that the injustice of Porto Ferrajo may prove to Tuscany, what that of ship-money has been to England.

ART. III.—*The Poetry of Science; or, Studies of the Physical Phenomena of Nature.* By Robert Hunt. 8vo. London: Reeve, Benham, and Reeve.

TIME was when philosophy was all poetry; when the garb of romance was thrown over every perception of the truths of science; and when the wildest imaginations characterised the impulses of the philosophic mind. That time was the seventeenth century, in about its mid portion. Then, while the mists of morning hung half-concealing, half-revealing the mysteries of the external world, while the penetrative rays of truth as yet only struck into the high air, and the hem of the garment of departing night was yet sweeping over the landscape, then truly was the dream-time of philosophers, and the poetical age of science. Dim outlines of grand and mighty truths were caught by the eagle-eyed men of those days, as they were scantily revealed by the rising and shifting vapours, and what was not made manifest of these great realities, was filled in by

the busy conceptions of their newly-awakened minds. Released from the long thralldom of a soul-darkening philosophistry, philosophers ran wild, and lost in wonder, beheld science only through the attractive but deceitful atmosphere of poetry. In the eyes of Athanarius Kircher, or his admirer, Gaspar Schottus, or Baptista Porta, how fair a vision was Young Philosophy! Listen to Kircher's confidential whisper of the astounding powers he had extorted from a ray of light to the terror and amazement of a crowd of disciples as yet ignorant of catoptrical magic. Hear Gaspar Schottus recount, in breathless admiration, the various feats of marvel-doing with which he has filled his four ponderous quartos. Come into Porta's study, and be instructed how you may horrify your dinner-friends, and perform far more than, as we suspect, Porta ever performed himself. What the genius of the lamp was to Aladdin, what elves and fairies to others, that, and more, was philosophy to the philosophers of this era.

The day broke, and these morning mists fled away. The ideal perished in the presence of the real; and philosophy stood forth rugged and stern in aspect and unlovely in form. But as yet viewed only in parts, and as it were, 'through a glass darkly,' and without much approach to a perception of the correlation of its parts, and the harmony of the whole. Hence, probably, the uncomeliness of aspect, and the absence of beauty in form. Where was the master-hand should paint the mighty fabric of Science as it stood, and accurately intone its many colours, set forth its beauties, and display its structure to the gaze of an admiring world? Not then, not since—nay, not now! not even now; for the damps of ignorance still bedim the eyes of our wisest philosophers; nor can they who, standing on the threshold of the Temple of Truth, see but a part, reveal to the outside world the just conception of the whole. Yet there lies beauty in truth, even when incomplete; and linking together the previous facts of philosophy, discovered after such cost of labour, we may catch soul-elevating glimpses of a grand and concordant scheme of unity, the unity of creation—in a word, the unity of truth, although we fail to realize the grandeur and the majesty of the whole. We agree with our author, 'the true is the beautiful,' and since it is the destiny of man here below 'only to know in part,' we accept with thankfulness an attempt to display the beauties of harmonies of scientific truth, so far as it is now revealed to us. Such an attempt is the work before us, 'The Poetry of Science.' In the author's words, the attempt made in this volume has been to 'link together those scientific facts which bear directly and visibly upon natural phenomena; and to show that they have a value superior to their mere economic applica-

tions, in their power of exalting the mind to the contemplation of the universe.'

'Science,' we are told, 'solicits from the material world, by the persuasion of inductive search, a development of its elementary principles, and of the laws which these obey. Philosophy strives to apply the discovered facts to the great phenomena of being—to deduce large generalities from the fragmentary discoveries of severe induction,—and thus to ascend from matter and its properties up to those impulses which stir the whole, floating as it were on the confines of sense, and indicating, though dimly, those superior powers which, more nearly related to infinity, mysteriously manifest themselves in the phenomena of mind. Poetry seizes the facts of the one and the theories of the other; unites them by a pleasing thought, which appeals for truth to the most unthinking soul, and leaves the reflective intellect to higher and higher exercises; it connects common phenomena with exalted ideas; and, applying its holiest powers, it invests the human mind with the sovereign strength of the true.'

Yet it may be questioned how far the best efforts of poetry in this attempt to spiritualize the materialities of science, and the generalizations of philosophy, are—or can be successful. There may be harmonious combinations of notes without true music; and there may be—there are mighty stretches of imagination as the mind contemplates the mechanism of rolling worlds, without its being lifted to the pinnacle of true poetry. This is in the nature of things. Who that ever looked through a telescope on a glorious distant landscape, but has felt the aid to his sight has revealed indeed the objects of the scene, but has destroyed the poetical element floating around it? So he who takes the glass of science, and with the eye of philosophy, contemplates the manifold works of God in creation, perceives their harmony, and may form a fair estimate of their beauty, but the poetical atmosphere enveloping them is too subtle for perception by such means as man is compelled to employ in the development of his powers of contemplation. Between the truly Ideal and the purely Real lie no bonds of intimate union, nor proceeding from the one is it possible to attain the other. Both are attainable; but the mind-routes are neither the same nor parallel.

The 'Poetry of Science,' therefore, is not, in its true sense, poetry, and the work before us has received a title of sufficient attractiveness, but of erroneous application. Yet it will not, on that account, be the less acceptable to any who are looking for an exposition of the generalities of science, communicated in an imaginative, if not in a strictly poetical spirit. But it is time we proceeded to an analysis of its contents.

The general characters, properties, conditions, and powers of matter, are first briefly brought under consideration. The following remarks, trite though they be, are deserving of attention, inasmuch as they exhibit a fair view of the material for thought presented to us in a particle of dust !

‘ All things around us are aggregations of atoms. From particles of dust, which, under the microscope, could scarcely be distinguished one from the other, are all the varied forms of nature created. This grain of dust, this particle of sand, has strange properties and powers. Science has discovered some, but still more truths are hidden within this irregular molecule of matter which we now survey, than even philosophy dares to dream of. How strangely it obeys the impulses of heat—mysterious are the influences of light upon it—electricity wonderfully excites it—and still more curious is the manner in which it obeys the magic of chemical force. These are phenomena which we have seen ; we know them, and we can reproduce them at our pleasure. We have advanced a little way into the secrets of nature, and from the spot we have gained, we look forward with a vision somewhat brightened by our task, but we discover so much to be yet unknown, that we learn another truth—our vast ignorance of many things relating to this grain of dust.’—P. 3.

Philosophy, calling the principles she has brought to light by name, may truly assure us that the physical forces in question are largely concerned in the development of the activities of the material world ; yet something remains behind whose presence she dare not fail to recognise, but whose precise nature she is utterly ignorant of. Not light, not heat, not the electric fire ; not attraction, not gravitation, not chemical affinity, can fill even an infusory animalcule with the principle of life. Hear her own confession :—

‘ In addition to the known physical forces, we cannot examine the varied phenomena of nature without feeling that there must be other and most active principles of a higher order than any detected by science, to which belong the important operations of vitality, whether manifested in the plant or the animal.’—P. 6.

Yet, dreams the philosophy of the time—the day is coming, surely the day is coming when our search shall be rewarded, and when we shall be able to define the form and laws of the vital principle. Is it not written, ‘ In *Him* we live and move and have our being ? ’ Go then, thou vain man, betake thee to thy laboratory, weigh out the equivalents of carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen, bring to bear upon them, as thou knowest how, the varied powers of the physical forces—and produce, if thou canst, an emmet or a blade of grass. Then learn, it is He alone can bid the dry bones live ; learn, too, the folly and the vanity of thy hopes of discovering what He has not been pleased to reveal.

The general outlines of the phenomena of motion, cohesion, and gravitation, are next brought under notice, and an opportunity is taken in their discussion to advert to the wild, if not daring speculation, entitled the nebular hypothesis. Well might we address, in passing, to those who love the visions of cosmogony better than the plain and visible truths of science developed in the fair creation around us, the majestic reproof of God himself:—

‘Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
 Declare, if thou hast understanding.
 Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest?
 Or who hath stretched the line upon it.’—Job xxxviii. 4, 5.

We need scarcely say that our author is among those who, from the imaginative tendency of his character, is largely attracted by the glare of such a speculation as that in question, and to him in all charity would we administer the reproof once sounded from out of the whirlwind into the ears of the afflicted patriarch.

As an illustration of the truly sublime results flowing from the application of the laws of gravity to the movements of the heavenly bodies, the reader will thank us for selecting a paragraph, the matter of which is, in all probability, already familiar to him, containing as fair a specimen as the book affords of the so-called Poetry of Science. We may premise that from data obtained from experiments upon the mutual attractions exerted between different masses of known weight and size, the astronomer is enabled to determine the influences of the stellar bodies upon each other, and by observing the deviations of a distant star from that which theory lays down as its true path, to calculate its amount, and hence to arrive at the relative magnitude of both the disturbed and the disturbing masses; consequently, although the disturbing mass may be hid from view, by observing the movements of a star in its vicinity, not only may the fact of the existence of such a body be determined, but also its actual position and size. Such is the grand law by means of which predictions concerning the movements of far distant worlds, which, at another epoch, would have been scoffed at, or considered altogether miraculous, are propounded with the utmost confidence, and are verified with the minutest accuracy:—

‘Rolling onward its lonely way, in the far immensity of our system, the planet Uranus was discovered by the elder Herschel—so great its distance, that its diminished light could scarcely be detected by the most powerful telescope; but since its discovery, its path has been carefully watched, and every irregularity noticed. Most of these dis-

turbances were referable to known causes, but a little trembling observed when in one portion of its vast orbit was unexplained. Convinced of the certainty of Newton's law, these deviations were referred to the gravitating influence of a mass unknown to us; and by the investigations of Adams in England, and Le Verrier in France, the place of an hypothetical planet was determined; and as a grand confirmation of the great law, and to the glory of those two far-searching minds, who do honour to their respective countries and age, the hypothesis became a fact in the discovery of the planet Neptune, in the place determined by rigorous calculation. Astronomy affords other examples of the sublime truth of the law of gravitation, than which science can afford no more elevated poetry.'—P. 23.

It is well added :—

'So completely is all nature locked in the bonds of this infinite power, that it is no poetic exaggeration to declare, that the blow which rends any earthly mass is conveyed by successive impulses to every one of the myriads of orbs, which are even too remote for the reach of telescopic vision.'—P. 28.

What far-reaching, mysterious, all-controlling principle is this of gravitation, which, while it drags a thistle-down to the earth, binds world after world to other, and all, probably, into one grand and glorious system, of which our God is the Creator and King, blessed for evermore. Student, who art on the search through nature for the traces of a Divine hand, here stay and wonder as thou discoverest in the fall and form of a particle of rain, the operation of a law which stretches to the deepest immensities of space, and preserves, in an appointed course, suns and stars, which are as the sea-sand in multitude. In vain does philosophy seek to explain its nature—it is inexplicable; and we are truly glad to find our author thus express himself :—

'Is this principle of gravitation a property of matter, or is it a power higher than the more tangible forces, is the question which presses on the mind. If we regard it as a subtile principle pervading all space, we compel ourselves to look beyond it for another power yet more refined; and we cannot halt until, ascending from the limitable to the illimitable, we resolve gravitation, and its governing power, to the centre of all power—the will of the eternal Creator.'—P. 20.

Some interesting considerations respecting the molecular and crystallogenic forces are contained in chapters iv. and v. Attention may be particularly drawn to what Berzelius has appropriately termed the Allotropic conditions of matter: that is, the probability that atoms may exist in one or more different states or conditions. Thus the light-refracting gem which glistens on the finger of the wealthy, is composed of precisely the same atoms as the lump of charcoal which is cast upon the fire—only, it

is supposed, they are in a different condition of molecular arrangement. Let us pass on to our author's remarks on the phenomena of heat, solar and terrestrial :—

'Untutored man,' writes Mr. Hunt, 'finds health and gladness in the warmth and light of the sun, and he rears a rugged altar, and bows his soul in prayer to the principle of fire, which, in his ignorance, he regards as the giver and supporter of life. The philosopher finds life and organization dependent on the powers combined in the sunbeam; and, examining the phenomena of this wonderful band of forces, he is compelled to acknowledge that the flame upon the altar is indeed a dim shadow of the infinite wisdom which abides behind the veil. . . . Few things within the range of our inquiry are more striking than the phenomena of calorific radiation and absorption. They display so perfectly the most refined system of order, and exhibit so strikingly the admirable adaptation of every formation to its particular conditions, and for its part in the great economy of being, that they claim most strongly the study of all who would seek to discover a poetry in the inferences of science.'—Pp. 51, 56.

Hence, as we shall learn, it was not in vain the lime-tree flutters in its robes of light green, or the mournful yew in its raiment of graver tint; not vain the art that painted the rose, and blanched the lily's petals; nor vainly given the verdure of the grassy pasture :—

'Every tree spreading its green leaves to the sunshine, or exposing its brown branches to the air, every flower which lends its beauty to the joyous earth, possesses different absorbing and radiating powers. The chalice-like cup of the pure white lily floating on the lake, the variegated tulip, the brilliant anemone, the delicate rose, and the intensely coloured peony or dahlia, have each powers peculiar to themselves for drinking in the warming life-stream of the sun, and for radiating it back again to the thirsting atmosphere. These are no conceits of a scientific dreamer, they are the truths of direct induction; and by experiments of a simple character, they may be put to a searching test.'—P. 58.

In late years, science has revealed a number of most curious circumstances connected with the phenomena of caloric. Few experiments have ever been devised so remarkable as those of M. Boutigny, upon the spheroidal condition of bodies. Every one will remember the astonishment excited by the exhibition of water frozen in a red-hot crucible. Upon this subject our author has the following remarks :—

'If water is projected upon hot metal, it instantly assumes a spheroidal form, an internal motion of its particles may be observed; it revolves with rapidity, and evaporates very slowly. Even if a silver or platinum crucible, when brought to a bright red heat, is filled with cold water, the whole mass assumes the spheroidal state, the tempe-

perature of the fluid constantly remaining immediately below the boiling point, as long as the red heat is maintained. If we allow the vessel to cool so as not to be red in the dark, the water bursts into active ebullition, and is dissipated in vapour with almost explosive violence. Another form of this experiment is exceedingly instructive. If a mass of white hot metal is suddenly plunged into a vessel of cold water, the incandescence is not quenched, the metal shines with a bright white light, and the water is seen to circulate around, but at some distance from the glowing mass, being actually repelled by the calorific agency. At length, when the metal cools, the water comes in contact with it and boils with energy . . . If water is poured upon an iron sieve, the wires of which are made red hot, it will not percolate ; but in cooling, it will run through rapidly.'—Pp. 86, 87.

We may learn from the experiments of Mr. Grove and Dr. Robinson, upon the decomposing influences of caloric, and from the diametrically opposite powers of this mysterious principle in producing the union of bodies in chemical combinations, that there is vast significance in the prophetic intimation of the future destiny of every earthly thing, contained in the sublime language of Peter,—‘The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up . . . Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for a new heavens and a new earth.’* It was undoubtedly from the sacred text that our author drew the following ideas,—ideas which are also consonant with the plain results at which the well-known principles of science compel us to arrive.

‘A very slight alteration in the proportions of the calorific principle given to this planet, would completely change the character of every material substance of which it is composed, without there was an alteration in the physical condition of the elements themselves. Supposing the ordeal of fiery purification to take place upon this planet, these experiments appear to indicate the mighty changes which would thence result. There would be no annihilation, but everything would be transformed from the centre of the globe to the verge of its atmosphere—old things would pass away, all things become new, and the beautiful mythos of the phoenix be realized in the fresh creation.’—P. 88.

What deep-stirring thoughts are here—is it indeed true that the end of all things is fire? The glories of creation, and the triumphs of man over matter—is such their destiny? Philosophy assures us it is more than possible. Revelation declares to us it shall be so—a consumption is determined upon the whole earth. Hear the knell, the sound of which is wafted toward us by every wave of the on-coming future,—‘The heavens and the earth which are now by the same word (of God), are kept in

* 2 Pet. iii. 10, 13.

store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men.*

Under the guidance of our author, let us now dwell a little upon the interesting subject of Light. As may well be imagined from the number and nature of the investigations pursued by Mr. Hunt upon the chemical influence of light, the chapter treating of this topic is one of more than ordinary interest, and exhibits, in a clear and comprehensive manner, the most prominent of the known facts in this department of science. We need scarcely remind the reader that the chemical rays which exist in the solar beam, are perfectly distinct from their associate rays, light and heat. These rays have been called the *actinic*. By their means a surprising number of chemical changes are effected, not as was until lately supposed, on a few chemical compounds, but upon all, or almost all material bodies.

‘We now know,’ says Mr. Hunt, ‘that it is impossible to expose any body, simple or compound, to the sun’s rays, without its being influenced by this chemical and molecular disturbing power. To take one example from inorganic nature : the granite rock, which presents its uplifted head in firmness to the driving storm, the stones which genius has framed into forms of architectural beauty, or the metal which is intended to commemorate the great acts of man, and which in the human form proclaims the hero’s deeds and the artist’s talent, are all alike distinctively acted upon during the hours of sunshine, and but for provisions of nature, no less wonderful, would soon perish under the delicate touch of the most subtle of the agencies of the universe. Niepce was the first to show that those bodies which underwent this change during daylight, possessed the powers of restoring themselves to their original conditions during the hours of night, when this excitement was no longer influencing them. Resins, the daguerreotype plate, the unprepared metal tablet, and numerous photographic preparations, show this in a remarkable manner.’—P. 147.

While it has been lately shown that daguerreotype impressions may be taken in absolute darkness by analyzing the solar rays, and, excluding all the coloured rays, suffering only the actinic rays, which extend beyond the prismatic spectrum, to fall upon the object placed in a dark chamber; it is also a most singular fact, that strong light interferes with, or actually renders nugatory, the operations of the actinic rays. Mr. Hunt tells a curious anecdote illustrative of this fact:—

‘A gentleman well acquainted with the daguerreotype process, took with him to the city of Mexico all the necessary apparatus and chemicals, expecting under the bright light and cloudless skies of that climate to produce pictures of superior excellence. Failure upon failure was the result; and although every care was used, and every precaution

* 2 Pet. iii. 7.

adopted, it was not until the *rainy season* set in that he could secure a good daguerreotype of any of the buildings of that southern city.'—P. 150.

These and similar discoveries upon the phenomena of molecular alterations, produced by actinic and calorific radiations, are revealing to us a world of wonders, and are causing us to perceive mysteries beyond our comprehension in the commonest things around us.

'From the investigations of Moser and others, we learn the very extraordinary fact, that even inanimate masses act and react upon each other by the influence of some *dark* radiations, and seem to exchange some of the peculiarities which they possess. Thus an engraved plate will give to a polished surface of metal or glass placed near it, after a little time, a neat, distinct image of itself; that is, produce such a structural disturbance as will occasion the plate to receive vapour differently over those spaces opposite to the parts in cameo or intaglio, from what it does over the opposite. If a piece of wood is used instead of a metal, there will, by similar treatment, be produced a true picture of the wood, even to the representation of its fibres. . . . Fable has told us that the magicians of the East possessed mirrors in which they could at will produce images of the absent. Science now shows us that representations quite sufficient to deceive the credulous can be produced on the surface of polished metals without difficulty. A highly polished plate of steel may be impressed with images of any kind, which would remain invisible, the polished surface not being in the least degree affected, as it regards its reflecting powers, but that by breathing over it these dormant images would develop themselves, fading away again as the condensed moisture evaporated from the surface.'—Pp. 156, 159.

Those of our readers who have been startled by the long-buried, but recently revived, notions which Mr. Smee is pleased to dignify under the title of Electro-Biology, and to explain under the high-sounding epithet, the voltaic mechanism of man, may be anxious to know what are our author's views upon the connexion of electricity with the vital functions. Thus speaks Mr. Smee:—'If we take a review of the functions of animal life, we find that all sensations, the registration of impressions, thought, action, and other phenomena of animal life, *are voltaic effects*, and solely obedient to physical laws!'^{*} Man, therefore, is a voltaic apparatus; he eats, drinks, digests, smells, tastes, hears, and sees by voltaic electricity. Nay, he thinks, he acts, he lives by electricity. We might ask, why then does he die? but electro-biology has not yet satisfactorily solved this little difficulty. We thought this unwise doctrine had been for ever consigned to the grave, whither it is destined soon to return; but let us hear

* In a lecture recently delivered at the London Institution.

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Under the guidance of our author, let us now dwell a little upon the interesting subject of Light. As may well be imagined from the number and nature of the investigations pursued by Mr. Hunt upon the chemical influence of light, the chapter treating of this topic is one of more than ordinary interest, and exhibits, in a clear and comprehensive manner, the most prominent of the known facts in this department of science. We need scarcely remind the reader that the chemical rays which exist in the solar beam, are perfectly distinct from their associate rays, light and heat. These rays have been called the *actinic*. By their means a surprising number of chemical changes are effected, not as was until lately supposed, on a few chemical compounds, but upon all, or almost all material bodies.

‘We now know,’ says Mr. Hunt, ‘that it is impossible to expose any body, simple or compound, to the sun’s rays, without its being influenced by this chemical and molecular disturbing power. To take one example from inorganic nature : the granite rock, which presents its uplifted head in firmness to the driving storm, the stones which genius has framed into forms of architectural beauty, or the metal which is intended to commemorate the great acts of man, and which in the human form proclaims the hero’s deeds and the artist’s talent, are all alike distinctively acted upon during the hours of sunshine, and but for provisions of nature, no less wonderful, would soon perish under the delicate touch of the most subtle of the agencies of the universe. Niepce was the first to show that those bodies which underwent this change during daylight, possessed the powers of restoring themselves to their original conditions during the hours of night, when this excitement was no longer influencing them. Resins, the daguerreotype plate, the unprepared metal tablet, and numerous photographic preparations, show this in a remarkable manner.’—P. 147.

While it has been lately shown that daguerreotype impressions may be taken in absolute darkness by analyzing the solar rays, and, excluding all the coloured rays, suffering only the actinic rays, which extend beyond the prismatic spectrum, to fall upon the object placed in a dark chamber ; it is also a most singular fact, that strong light interferes with, or actually renders nugatory, the operations of the actinic rays. Mr. Hunt tells a curious anecdote illustrative of this fact:—

‘A gentleman well acquainted with the daguerreotype process, took with him to the city of Mexico all the necessary apparatus and chemicals, expecting under the bright light and cloudless skies of that climate to produce pictures of superior excellence. Failure upon failure was the result ; and although every care was used, and every precaution

* 2 Pet. iii. 7.

adopted, it was not until the *rainy season* set in that he could secure a good daguerreotype of any of the buildings of that southern city.'—P. 150.

These and similar discoveries upon the phenomena of molecular alterations, produced by actinic and calorific radiations, are revealing to us a world of wonders, and are causing us to perceive mysteries beyond our comprehension in the commonest things around us.

'From the investigations of Moser and others, we learn the very extraordinary fact, that even inanimate masses act and react upon each other by the influence of some *dark* radiations, and seem to exchange some of the peculiarities which they possess. Thus an engraved plate will give to a polished surface of metal or glass placed near it, after a little time, a neat, distinct image of itself; that is, produce such a structural disturbance as will occasion the plate to receive vapour differently over those spaces opposite to the parts in cameo or intaglio, from what it does over the opposite. If a piece of wood is used instead of a metal, there will, by similar treatment, be produced a true picture of the wood, even to the representation of its fibres. . . . Fable has told us that the magicians of the East possessed mirrors in which they could at will produce images of the absent. Science now shows us that representations quite sufficient to deceive the credulous can be produced on the surface of polished metals without difficulty. A highly polished plate of steel may be impressed with images of any kind, which would remain invisible, the polished surface not being in the least degree affected, as it regards its reflecting powers, but that by breathing over it these dormant images would develop themselves, fading away again as the condensed moisture evaporated from the surface.'—Pp. 156, 159.

Those of our readers who have been startled by the long-buried, but recently revived, notions which Mr. Smee is pleased to dignify under the title of Electro-Biology, and to explain under the high-sounding epithet, the voltaic mechanism of man, may be anxious to know what are our author's views upon the connexion of electricity with the vital functions. Thus speaks Mr. Smee:—'If we take a review of the functions of animal life, we find that all sensations, the registration of impressions, thought, action, and other phenomena of animal life, *are voltaic effects*, and solely obedient to physical laws!'^{*} Man, therefore, is a voltaic apparatus; he eats, drinks, digests, smells, tastes, hears, and sees by voltaic electricity. Nay, he thinks, he acts, he lives by electricity. We might ask, why then does he die? but electro-biology has not yet satisfactorily solved this little difficulty. We thought this unwise doctrine had been for ever consigned to the grave, whither it is destined soon to return; but let us hear

* In a lecture recently delivered at the London Institution.

the soberer and more philosophic views of Mr. Hunt upon this question :—

‘ It has been thought that the structure of the brain presents an analogy to that of the galvanic battery, and the nerves represent the conducting wires.’ ‘ Although, however, some of the conditions appear similar, there are many which have no representatives, in either the mechanical structure or the physical properties of the brain, so far as we know it. That the brain is the centre, the source, and termination of sensation, is very clearly proved by physiological investigations. That the nerves are the media by which all sensation is conveyed to the brain, and also the instruments by which the will exerts its power over the muscles, is equally well established. But to say that we have any evidence to support the idea that electricity has aught to do with these great physiological phenomena, would be a bold assertion, betraying a want of due caution on the part of the investigator.’ (Mr. Hunt is very cautious.) ‘ That electric effects are developed during the operations of vitality is most certain ; such must be the case, from the chemical changes taking place during respiration and digestion, and the mechanical movements by which, even during external repose, the necessary functions of the body are carried on. Whether electricity is the cause of these, or an effect arising from them, we need not stop to examine, as this is in the present state of our knowledge a mere speculation. Yet,’ continues Mr. Hunt, in the train of reasoning to which every sound thinker is impelled, ‘ we have no evidence that electricity is an exciting power, but rather that it is one of those forces which tend to establish the equilibrium of matter. When disturbed, when its equilibrium is overset, it does, in its efforts to regain its stability, produce most remarkable effects. An electrical machine must be rubbed to exhibit any force. In all galvanic arrangements, however simple, dissimilar bodies are brought together, and the latent electricity of both is disturbed ; and even in the magnet, it is only when this takes place, that its electrical powers are developed. In the *gymnotus*, electricity appears to be dependent upon the power of the will of the animal ; but even in this extraordinary fish, it is only under peculiar conditions that the electrical excitement takes place, and “ what they inflict they feel ” during the restoration of that equilibrium which is necessary to their healthy state. In every case, therefore, we see that some power far superior to this is the ultimate cause ; indeed light, and heat, and probably actinism, appear to stand superior to this principle ; and on these, in some combined mode of action in all probability, sensible electricity is dependent. Beyond even these elements, largely as they are engaged in the organic and inorganic changes of this world, there are occult powers which may never be understood by finite beings. We advance step by step from the most solid to the most ethereal of material creations, and we examine a series of extraordinary effects produced by powers which we know not whether to regard as material or immaterial, so subtle are they. On these, it appears, we may exhaust our inductive investigations—we may discover the laws by which these principles act upon the grosser elements, and develop

phenomena of a very remarkable kind which have been unobserved or misunderstood. Whether light, heat, and electricity, are modifications of one power, or different powers, very closely united in action, is a problem we may probably solve, but to know what they are, appears to be beyond the hopes of science, and it were idle to dream of elucidating the causes hidden beyond these forces, and by which they are regulated in all their actions in dead and living matter.'—Pp. 186—189.

Alas! what ink has been shed, what labour and thought exhausted, what ingenuity wasted, and what dreams dreamed, concerning the nature of the vital principle. Plato, Pythagoras, and Aristotle, of old, and Cudworth, Berkeley, and others of modern times. To what end these vain speculations, this notional philosophy dealing with phantasies that elude the touch of investigation, and resulting only in the creation of a name for a principle which still remains in its original obscurity? Who shall explain for us the mystery of existence? Who shall reveal what God hath not revealed? Shall electro-biology? Shall the dogmas of the plastic principle, the mysterious 'spiritual fire,' the '*vis vitæ*,' which have in their turns found a nurse-place in the bosom of philosophy? Shall these teach us how all things consist? They cannot; for as in God we have our being, so hath the Scripture declared plainly to us it is by him that all things do consist. 'Hitherto,' says the Eternal command to the tide of man's philosophy, 'hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' The experiments of Mr. Smee may amuse the world for a time, and even shed some light upon the phenomena of vital actions, but here will be their end, and in a little while another biologist will arrive, and with a taper kindled at the same shrine, seek with a like ill success to dispel the impenetrable darkness overhanging the mystery of life.

The phenomena of magnetism are discussed in a separate chapter, this plan being rendered expedient by the importance of the facts collected by modern science upon this subject; but it must not be therefore supposed that magnetism and electricity are considered in any other light than as modifications of one force. In modern times the variations in the direction of the magnetic needle have been carefully studied.

“True as the needle to the pole,”

has passed into a proverb among mankind; but the searching inquiry of modern observers has shown that it is correct only with certain limitations. There are but two lines on the surface of the earth on which the needle points true north, or where the magnetic and geographical north correspond. These are called *lines of no variation*, or, as they have been also designated, *agonic lines*, and one is found in the eastern, and the other in the western hemisphere. The American line

is singularly regular, passing in a south-east direction from latitude 60 deg. to the west of Hudson's Bay, across the American lakes, till it reaches the South Atlantic Ocean, and cuts the meridian of Greenwich in about 65 deg. south latitude. The Asiatic line of *no variation*, is very irregular, owing, without doubt, to local interferences; it begins below New Holland, in latitude 60 deg. south, it bends westward across the Indian Ocean, and from Bombay has an inflexion eastward through China, and then northward across the sea of Japan, till it reaches the latitude of 71 deg. north, when it descends again southward, with an immense semicircular bend, which terminates in the White Sea.'—Pp. 210, 211.

The discoveries of Faraday upon the universality of the action of magnetic force upon all bodies, may be taken as amongst the most remarkable in the history of the physical science of our age. With reference to this subject our author makes the following observations :—

' There is no substance to be found in nature independent of magnetic power. But it influences bodies in different ways; one set act, with relation to magnetism, like iron, and arrange themselves along the line of magnetic force, these are called *magnetic bodies*; another set, of which bismuth may be taken as the representative, always place themselves at right angles to this line, these are called *dia-magnetic bodies*. This is strikingly shown by means of powerful electro-magnets, but the magnetism of the earth is sufficient, under proper care, to exhibit the phenomena. Every substance in nature is in one or other of these conditions. The rocks, forming the crust of the earth, and the minerals which are contained in them; the surface soil, which is by nature prepared as the fitting habitation of the vegetable world, and every tree, shrub, and herb, which finds root therein, with their carbonaceous matter, in all its states, of wood, leaf, flower, and fruit; the animal kingdom, from the lowest monad through the entire series up to man, have, all of them, distinct magnetic or dia-magnetic relations. "It is a curious sight," says Dr. Faraday, "to see a piece of wood, or of beef, or an apple, or a bottle of water, repelled by a magnet; or taking the leaf of a tree, and hanging it up between the poles, to observe it take an equatorial position. Whether any similar effects occur in nature among the myriads of forms, which, upon all parts of its surface are surrounded by air, and are subject to the action of lines of magnetic force, is a question which can only be answered by future observation.'—Pp. 220, 221.

Singular to say, even gases are not exempt from this rule.

' The gaseous envelope, our atmosphere, is in a neutral state. Oxygen is strikingly magnetic in relation to hydrogen gas, while nitrogen is as singularly the contrary; and the same contrasts present themselves when these gases are examined in their relation to common air. Thus oxygen being magnetic, and nitrogen the contrary, we have an equilibrium established, and the result is a compound, neutral in its

relations to all matter. All gases and vapours are found to be dia-magnetic, but in different degrees. This is shown by passing a stream of the gas, rendered visible by a little smoke, within the influence of a powerful magnet. These bodies are, however, found relatively to each other, or even to themselves, under different thermic conditions—to change their states, and pass from the magnetic to the dia-magnetic class.'—P. 24.

Strange to say, in discussing the dangers arising to the atmosphere owing to the enormous discharges of carbonic acid gas into it, Mr. Hunt loses sight of the important influence of the laws of gaseous interpenetration, or, in commoner terms, the diffusion of gases. By these laws, the development of which Professor Graham has so admirably effected, it is provided that even the heaviest gas rises against gravity into a lighter, by virtue of some principle as yet not clearly defined, and this with a force equal to the pressure of one atmosphere. Yet we find in the following sentence in the chemical section of the work, Mr. Hunt speaking as if such laws were altogether absent from the records of science:—

'The peculiar properties of carbonic acid in part ensure its removal. It is the most heavy of gaseous bodies, and it is readily absorbed by water; consequently, *floating within a short distance from the surface of the earth*, a large quantity is dissolved by the waters spread over it.'—P. 282.

This statement is completely erroneous, as Mr. Hunt would find if he were to make any experimental attempt at discovering this floating stratum of carbonic acid near the surface. The fact is, when this gas is discharged from the lungs of animals, or from the processes of combustion, it is always in a condition so rarefied by heat, and so diluted by air and other gases, that instead of sinking, it actually rises. Added to this, the diffusive power gives it wings, and it is soon either lifted to the summits of the atmosphere, or scattered abroad to the ends of heaven. In the case of an author so well versed in matters of science as Mr. Hunt, this omission could not have arisen save from an oversight.

That magnificent discovery, the mutual relation and dependence of plants and animals, first ushered in by the unpretending experiments of Dr. Pimbley upon a sprig of mint, is well and clearly stated in the following sentences, which, though forming a long extract, will, we doubt not, prove acceptable to the general reader:—

'Animals then are constantly supplying carbonic acid; plants are as constantly feeding on it; thus is the balance for ever maintained between the two kingdoms. Another condition is, however, required

to maintain for the uses of men and animals, the necessary supply of oxygen gas. This is effected by one of those wonderful operations of nature's chemistry, which must strike every reflecting mind with admiration. During the night plants breathe carbonic acid, but there is a condition of repose prevailing then in their functions, and much of it (consequently) passes off unchanged. With the first gleam of the morning sun, the dormant organs of the plant are awakened into full action; they decompose this carbonic acid, secrete the carbon, to form the rings of wood which constitute so large a part of their structure, and give out pure oxygen gas to the air. The plant is, therefore, an essential element in the conditions necessary for the support of animal life. It must necessarily follow that the inhabitants of the tropics do not produce so much carbonic acid as those who dwell in colder regions. In the first place, their habits of life are different, and they are not under the necessity of maintaining animal heat by the use of artificial combustion, as are the people of colder climes. The vegetation of the regions of the tropics is much more luxuriant than that of the temperate and arctic zones. Hence an additional supply of carbonic acid is required between the torrid zones, and a less quantity is produced by its animals. These cases are all met by the great aerial movements. A current of warmed air, rich in oxygen, rises from the equator towards the poles, whilst the cooler air, charged with the excess of carbonic acid, sets in a constant stream toward the equator. By this means the most perfect equalization of the atmospheric conditions is preserved. The carbonic acid poured out from the thousand mouths of our fiery furnaces, produced during the laborious toil of the hard-working artizan, and exhaled from every populous town of this our island home, is borne away by the prevailing aerial currents, to find its place in the pines of the Pacific islands, the spice trees of the Eastern Archipelago, and the cinctures of South America. The plants of the valley of the Caucasus, and those which flourish amongst the Himalayas, equally with the less luxuriant vegetation of our temperate climes, are directly dependent upon man and the lower animals for their supply of food.' —Pp. 283, 284.

The ingenious idea with reference to the equalizing influence of the trade winds upon the world—diffusion of carbonic acid and oxygen, is primarily due, we believe, to Liebig. A paragraph taken from one of our quarterly contemporaries, and going the newspaper round some little while since, we should almost imagine to have been the suggestive medium of the reflection contained in the last few sentences. There is something truly grand, and almost poetical, in the considerations placed before us by modern science upon this interesting subject. To remember that the stream of heated air which rises from the chimney of the poorest garret, bids therewith an eternal farewell to the wretchedness from amongst which it sprang, and flies, wafted by a viewless power, to scenes where cold, hunger, and misery are unknown—that the vulgar breathings of a blacksmith's smithy

fire, or of a way-side pot-house, quit company with the men of strength, or with those of liquor, to mount up, become refined and purified, and then to descend on far distant woods or plains, and to become food for the regal palm, or sustenance for the aristocratic orchid, to become collected and condensed into the fragrant wood of the cedar or rhodium, or into the massive substance of the iron-tree, or to give shape, structure, and loveliness to the gorgeous, floral beauties of the tropics—these, and many more trains of thought suggested by the pure facts of natural chemistry, are such as are well calculated to uplift the soul, and to direct the admiration to Him whose wonders in creation we are therein considering.

The sacred philosopher long since put on record a truth which has only lately been philosophically received, in the sentence, ‘all flesh is grass.’ It is even so. Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, with a proportion of mineral substance, make up the total composition of the ‘human form divine.’ The mighty elephant, the tiny *monas*—the terminal point in creation, dare we so speak—are nothing more nor less. So with the herb of the field, and so with the most magnificent specimen of forest grandeur. Modern science carries us even beyond this grand simplicity, and records the axiom, ‘all flesh is air.’ But to take this as a truth equally exact with the former would be erroneous, for while natural chemistry has fully revealed to us the fact that in the atmosphere lie in the various forms of carbonic acid, watery vapour, and ammonia, superadded to the nitrogen and oxygen of its composition, the four great elements of organic chemistry above enumerated, it has also brought into very striking prominence, the fact, that not only to the animal, but even to the vegetable organism, a certain amount of mineral ingredients is quite indispensable. This most momentous truth has been partly lost sight of by our author, who speaks as if the four elements in question alone were the indispensable principles of organization. This is an error; but the generality may be taken in the large sense as correct, the mineral ingredients being minute in quantity, comparatively.

‘We have seen that animals and vegetables are composed of four gaseous principles—oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon. We have examined the remarkable manner in which they pass from one condition, from one kingdom of nature, into another. The animal perishing and dwindling by decomposition into his elementary state, mingling with the atmosphere as mere gas, gradually becomes part of the growing plant, and by like changes the vegetable organism progresses onward to form a portion of the mineral substance. A plant exposed to the action of natural or artificial decomposition passes into air, leaving but a few grains of solid matter behind it; an animal, in like manner,

is gradually resolved into "thin air." Muscle and blood, and bones, having undergone the change, are found to have escaped as gases, leaving only a "pinch of dust," which belongs to the more stable mineral world. Our dependency on the atmosphere is therefore evident. We derive our substance from it—we are after death resolved again into it. We are really but fleeting shadows. Animal and vegetable forms are little more than consolidated masses of the atmosphere. The sublime creations of the most gifted bard cannot rival the beauty of this, the highest and the truest poetry of science. Man has divined such changes by the unaided powers of reason, arguing from the phenomena which science reveals in unceasing action around him. The Grecian sage's doubt of his own identity, was only an extension of a great truth beyond the limits of our reason. Romance and superstition resolve the spiritual man into a visible form of extreme ethereality in the spectral creations, "clothed in their own horror," by which their reigns have been propitiated.'—Pp. 287, 288.

The doubts with which philosophy has long regarded the formidable array of bodies, which chemists call simple, or elements, are probably familiar to many of our readers. The chemist himself acknowledges the extreme probability that many of the bodies he is unable to reduce to a simpler form are either compound substances, or are merely various forms of the same substance. Yet when taxed with the apparent folly of classifying such bodies among the 'elements,' his reply is provokingly sufficient and unanswerable—'*prove* it to be a compound'—a task from which analytic science turns almost hopelessly away.

'The chemical elements, which actually exist in nature as simple bodies are, probably, but few. Most of the known gases and sulphur, phosphorus and the metals, are, in all probability, compounds of some ethereal ultimate principles, and, with the advance of science, we may fairly hope to discover the means of reducing some of them to a yet more simple state. The speculations of men, through all ages, have leaned towards this idea, as is shown by the theory of the four elements of the ancients, the stone of the alchemists, and the sublime speculations of Newton and Boscovich. All experimental inquiry points toward a similar conclusion. It is true we have no direct evidence of any elementary atom actually undergoing a change of state; but when we regard the variations produced by electrical influence, and consider the phenomena of allotropism, it will be difficult to come to any other conclusion, than that the particles of matter known to us as ultimate, are capable of change, and, consequently, must be far removed from positively simple bodies, since the real elementary atom, possessing fixed properties, cannot be supposed capable of undergoing any transmutation.'—P. 303.

The following is a pleasing sketch of the gradual manner in which the surface of a fresh bared rock is eventually clothed with vegetable raiment, or even fitted to bear the leafy honours of the forest-tree; a portion of the quotation is an acknowledged extract from 'Treviranus':—

* If we take some water rising from the darkness of a subterranean spring, and expose it to sunshine, we shall see, after a few days, a curious formation of bubbles, and the gradual accumulation of green matter. At first we cannot detect any marks of organization, it appears a slimy cloud of an irregular and undetermined form. It slowly aggregates, and forms a sort of mat over the surface which, at the same time, assumes a darker green colour. Careful examination will now show the original corpuscles involved in a net-work formed by slender threads, which are tubes of circulation, and may be traced from small points which we must regard as the compound atom, the vegetable unit. . . . The bare surface of a rock rises above the waters, covered over with this green slime, a mere veil of delicate net-work, which, dying off, leaves no perceptible trace behind it, but the basis of a mighty growth is there, and under solar influences, in process of time, other changes occur. After a period, if we examine the rock, we shall find upon its face little coloured cups or lines, with small hard discs. These, at first sight, would not be taken for plants, but on close examination they will be found to be lichens. These minute vegetables shed their seed and die, and from their own remains a more numerous crop springs into life. After a few of these changes, a sufficient depth of soil is formed, upon which mosses begin to develop themselves, and give to the atom, a second time, a faint tint of green, a mere film still, but indicating the presence of a beautiful class of plants which, under the microscope, exhibit in their leaves and flowers many points of singular elegance. These mosses, like the lichens, decaying, increase the film of rock, and others of a larger growth supply their places, and run themselves the same round of growth and decay. By and by, funguses of various kinds mingle their little globes and umbrella-like forms. Season after season plants perish and add to the soil, which is at the same time increased in depth by the disintegration of the rock over which it is laid, the cohesion of the particles being broken up by the operations of vegetable life. The minute seeds of ferns floating on the breeze now find a sufficient depth of earth for germination, and their beautiful fronds, eventually, wave in loveliness to the passing winds. Vegetable forms of a higher and higher order gradually succeed each other, each series perishing in due season, and giving to the soil additional elements for the growth of plants of their own species, or those of others. Flowering herbs find a genial home on the once bare rock; and the primrose pale, the purple foxglove, or the gaudy poppy, show their flowers to the joy of light. The shrub, with its hardy roots interlaced through the soil, and binding the very stones, grows rich in its bright greenery. Eventually the tree springs from the soil, and where once the tempest beat on the bare cold rock, is now the lordly and branching monarch of the forest, with its thousand leaves, affording shelter from the storm for bird and beast.'—Pp. 344—346.

We are well pleased to set the mark of selection by the side of such a passage as the following; and the more so when we are hourly reminded that we live in a time distinguished for the rejection, by many men of science, of that express and glorious revelation of the Divine Author of all things contained in his holy word.

‘To trace the effects of these great causes (the physical powers) through all their mysterious phases, is the work of inductive science; and the truths discovered tend to fit us for the enjoyment of the eternal state of high intelligence, to which every human soul aspires. That which the ignorant man calls the supernatural, the philosopher classes among natural phenomena. The ideal of the credulous man becomes the real to one who will bend his mind to the task of inquiry. Therefore, to attempt to advance our knowledge of the unknown, to add to the stores of truth, is an employment worthy the high destiny of the human race. Remembering that the revelations of natural science cannot in any way injure the revelation of eternal truth, but, on the contrary, aid to establish in the minds of the doubting a firm conviction of its Divine origin, and of man’s high position, we need never fear that we are proceeding too far with any inquiry, so long as we are cautious to examine the conditions of our own minds, that they may not be made the dupe of the senses.’—P. 386.

We are glad, we write, to mark down this explicit assent of an earnest-minded man of science to what is rapidly becoming a doctrine in the last degree repugnant to too many of the learned of this world. The Bible has nothing to fear from true science; but much may be feared by the Christian for the influence of a half-sighted philosophy. The ‘God who cannot lie,’ is the author of all revealed truth: the truths it seems good to him to reveal to man in nature, cannot be opposed to those he has himself revealed in his word. The Bible and creation glory in the same eternal Author; to remember this is sufficient to convince us of the entire and perfect harmony of both, for he is not a man that he should lie, nor the son of man, that he should contradict himself. A true and large philosophy is, after all, but an enunciation of laws and principles which have their source and origin in God; and the wider its range of discovery, the more perfect the evidence that the word and works of God are consentaneous. It is the impious raillery of little-minded pseudo-philosophers which carps at idiomatic expressions in the Divine truth, expressly permitted to adapt them to action on the minds of the men to whom the revelation was made, and holds them up with a sneer to the ridicule of minds of the same configuration with their own. Or it is the profound stolidity of ignorance, calling itself wise, in others, which stumbles against the massive truths of the Eternal Mind, and falls into the abyss of incredulity. Such are ‘the oppositions of science, falsely so called,’ which, since the days of the Arcopagites, have risen up to withstand the truth and power of a written Divine revelation. Time is the touchstone of truth. Our Lord and Master, himself, be it remembered, the Creator of things in heaven and earth, and in the deep below, attributed to the revelation of truth in his word, a solidity and endurance beyond that of the created universe, that is, the revelation of truth in creation, in the amazing words, ‘Heaven and earth shall

pass away, but my word shall not pass away.' The floods of infidelity have long spent themselves in vain against this rock, and they may again rise and lift up their voice, but the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, and the word of the Lord endureth for ever. He penned a truth more profound than he was himself probably conscious of, who wrote,

'Discord is concord, not yet understood,
And partial evil, universal good.'

We have but to wait for the unfolding of the whole truth to discover its unity, harmony, and dependence. Because we have to wait, shall we doubt?

For many reasons we welcome this book. If its enunciation of those great moral principles which connect themselves with natural philosophy; if its recognition of the constancy of the Divine presence in creation, and if its allegiance to the written revelation of the Creator, be not in all places as bold, uncompromising, and emphatic as we desire to see them, in all these respects, the work is far in advance of many similar ones. The author of the 'Vestiges' may here find a philosopher more profound than himself, who hesitates not to affirm that the Great Eternal Being who formed 'this sand-cloud of worlds,' is the author of another revelation of truth which must be accepted in full belief; that revelation is the word of God. The learned Humboldt, too, may here discover a man penetrated with a love of science, and thoroughly versed therein, who dares to say that all the forces of nature are, after all, only referable by the most enlightened philosophy to the sustaining and controlling influence of a higher power, in a word, to the absolute will of the everlasting God, the ruler of the ends of the earth. Though the book is not free from faults, and those of a somewhat prejudicial character to an ardent, half-informed, speculative mind, it is beyond question one of the soundest and most useful works of its kind that has lately appeared. It gives an admirable periscope of the most important of the recent discoveries in natural and physical science, and it also affords a most extensive fund of information upon truths of a similar class, but of maturer age. The style is attractive, imaginative, and marked with much perspicacity throughout. It is a book which will be eagerly read by the student, and may be instructively perused by the grown philosopher. Following the example of the author of 'Cosmos,' Mr. Hunt has largely added to the value and utility of his work, as well as to its readableness, by removing all the 'foot-notes' to an appendix, which is highly valuable even as a reference, and is itself an indication that the author is not one of those who write before they read.

ART. IV.—*Lectures to Young Men; delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, in Exeter Hall, from Nov. 21, 1848, to Feb. 6, 1849.* London: William Jones.

It is not our intention to review these 'Lectures.' The subjects are too varied and unconnected, and the task of comparing or contrasting living men, engaged in one service, and that a service of Christian love, is too painful and perilous, to allow of anything like a particular notice of the merits and defects of these productions. Our remarks will be very general, rather suggested by, than descriptive of, the volume before us; and we shall cautiously abstain from individual reference to the lecturers.

These 'Lectures' are a sign. We value them much more for what they indicate, than for what they are. Looked at every way, it is impossible to deny their importance as a feature of the times. Perhaps London is the only place, and the present the only time, for such an assembly for such a purpose. Four thousand persons drawn together on twelve evenings in twelve consecutive weeks, to listen to addresses to young men—addresses, too, upon subjects possessing no artificial attractiveness—present a scene upon which the patriot, the moralist, and the Christian, may dwell with interest and advantage. Something may be due to the novelty and boldness of the plan; and, in this view, it is well to recognise the success which often attends bold and novel, and is often denied to timid and common, measures; but we are inclined to assign a much greater influence to a sound and healthful interest felt by the young, and for the young, in subjects and movements connected with the cultivation of the heart and life. After every just allowance for the accidents of the occasion, there is much left for joy and hope in the intrinsic worth with which they were allied.

If it is interesting to think of the audience, it is not less so to think of the lecturers. Here were twelve men, in their own walk of popular address, among the most attractive and influential in their respective denominations. Episcopacy, established and un-established—Presbyterianism, free and fettered—Methodism—Congregationalism, the Baptist and Pædo-Baptist—had their representatives in this un-sectarian, un-ceremonial enterprise. The subjects discussed were all more or less religious, and were all treated more or less religiously. The lectures were sermons, of a wider scope—the lecturers were preachers, in a less formal way. Exeter Hall became, without the name, a sanctuary—its crowded occupants became, without the rites, a Church. The

speech was of the gospel, the spirit was a spirit of truth and piety, the great object contemplated was the religious cultivation of mind and conscience. And yet some of these men, as ministers, and in their proper ministerial work, never meet, and cannot meet. Whatever belongs to them as saints and prophets,—their solitudes as good men, and their calling as men of God,—find scope and exercise, and find them in fellowship, in these extra-official engagements; and yet in their ecclesiastical spheres they are forbidden, by will or law, to exchange their services and combine their powers. Is there not something painful and unnatural in this fact? If the platform be thus superior to the pulpit, must not the pulpit be in a sad case? If the lecture-hall be thus peculiar in its catholicity, must not the churches be in a woful plight?

The undertaking itself comes not within the commonly understood limits of appropriate, or, at least, incumbent ministerial work. Why have these men combined thus to appeal to the reason and the heart of multitudes? What has induced them, omitting the usual forms of service, laying aside gown and bands, leaving their accustomed places and accustomed methods of instruction, to give themselves to this free and large discourse on themes varied, and, to a great extent, unprofessional? Is there not a feeling, recognised or hidden, that the circumstances of the times require a departure from ordinary routine; that the modes and means of doing spiritual good are not fixed and unchangeable; that it is the spirit and purpose that sanctify the subject; that it is the occasion that makes the Church? We are not advocates for the abolition of the Christian ministry, nor for the destruction of Christian sanctuaries; our conviction is deep, and being ever deepened, that the preaching of the gospel is both a direct ordinance and natural law of God, and that upon its increased efficiency, and not its substitution by something else, depend the vital hopes of our fallen race; yet are we equally sure that the time has come for a more frequent and familiar interference on the part of the religious teacher, than was once thought proper or innocent, with scenes and services not official and ecclesiastical. If men will not resort to our sanctuaries, we must make sanctuaries of the places whither they do resort; if they will not witness and take part in our proceedings, we must infuse our spirit into theirs; if they will not hear our gospel, we must take the text of their own favourite topics, and bring out the infinite human and social relations of the 'common salvation.' It is not a forsaking, but a fulfilment, of our special mission, sometimes to leave the temple for the house, the hill, the sea-side, and ship-deck; to make the haunts of men our places of instruction, and their pursuits our parables; to use

their daily sympathies, and habits, and experiences, as the media and pleas of our divine communications ; to take advantage of their knowledge and their ignorance to introduce the truth that is in us ; to show how Christianity looks benignly on their lawful enterprises, how it perfects what is immature and supplements what is defective in their nature and their life ; to lead them from their feeble images of divine things, to the things themselves ; and to preach upon the altars of their unknown gods, the ever-living one.

Much more of this than is done, might be done, in connexion with, as well as apart from, the ordinary ministry of the word. In looking over these lectures we have asked ourselves, why could they not have been delivered from the pulpit ? Some few topics and illustrations excepted, we cannot see why they should not have been, and why lectures like them should not be, and with advantage, both in the way of attraction and instruction. Not that we should approve the omission or concealment of the distinctive principles of the Christian redemption in the pulpit. There is no substitute for ' the wisdom of God and the power of God—Christ crucified.' But men who, *in one sense (not apostolical)*, ' know nothing else,' may not know this most wisely ; men who, in the same sense, preach nothing else, may not preach this with greatest power. The Bible is largely filled with things that do not realize the conceptions of many respecting Christian truth ; and Christ and his Apostles delivered many utterances that do not conform to their rule of evangelic preaching. In advocating an enlargement of the matter, or rather medium, of ministerial teaching, we would only extend the application of common and scriptural principles. What is recorded in the Bible is accounted proper material for preaching, *simply because of the inspiration of the record*, though *the thing itself* may be far enough removed from *all* divine truth and goodness. The historic facts and human characters presented in the Bible, are freely discoursed about, though the first were unfavourable to the cause, and the last destitute of the Spirit, of God. Bad men and devils, whose deeds and words are given in the Scriptures, supply the subjects of countless sermons. The deeds and words of Cain and Pharaoh, of Judas and Herod, and even of Satan himself, are the favourite texts of the preachers of the gospel. And yet, we suppose, many would be surprised and scandalized, if Cardinal Wolsey and Thomas Fowell Buxton, were selected by Mr. Martin and Mr. Binney, for the purpose of illustrating, by their lives and histories, the great principles of providential government and spiritual law. If a new revelation were given to man, bringing up the general history of the world to the present time, containing sketches of men that have figured pro-

minently on the ecclesiastical and political stages, with here an account of the English Revolution, and there an account of the French Revolution; here a description of Charles I., and there a description of Napoleon Buonaparte; Laud in this place, and Wesley in that;—we presume that many who would rebuke the thought of preaching upon such events, and such men, now, would seize upon them as most interesting and instructive subjects of address, and eloquently show how the events were ruled or overruled for the welfare of the world, and how the men were full of God or full of the devil. And yet there is no less of God or Satan in them now than there would be then. The heavens are not a whit more divine for being described by the Psalmist. Satan is not a whit more sacred because his temptations are narrated by the evangelists.

The lectures before us are not upon one subject, nor upon connected subjects. The lecturers seem to have selected their own subjects. Hence those subjects have little or no fellowship of matter or form. In the absence of all knowledge as to the reasons of this method of procedure, we are left to guess at them. Was it, that the variety thus obtained was adapted to attract and interest the 'monster' audience?—that a series of addresses upon one branch of Christian evidence, character, or work, might possibly not quicken and sustain the attention of such a multitude during so long a time? It is impossible to doubt that twelve different themes, illustrated by different men, and by men who have chosen them because they love and understand them, were much more likely to bring crowds together on successive nights, than one presented in twelve different portions or relations. The method pursued was unquestionably the most politic, considered in reference to merely external success—it got most people, and most money, and most worldly glory. But another method, we venture to think, would have done most good, would have most powerfully stimulated and educated thought and feeling. The fact is—and it is pretty generally admitted to be the fact—that the existing system of popular lecturing is by no means an unmixed blessing. If it has great advantages, it has great disadvantages. It is in imminent danger of being substituted—indeed, to a very large extent it is substituted—for other and indispensable methods of obtaining knowledge and culture. It leads by natural tendency, if not of inevitable necessity, to superficiality, both as to matter and mode of treatment. A smattering of science, literature, or philosophy, is communicated to a large mass of minds who are unfitted for the right use of their little knowledge, the making it a means and an encouragement to advance to further attainments, and who convert it into the nutriment of conceit, vanity, and impudent dogmatism.

The only way in which popular lecturing, as now conducted, can be useful—the only way in which it can be anything but seriously hurtful—is by its being treated as affording the introduction and stimulus to other measures. It may create an appetite, and impart a taste, for other and better things; but in itself there is very little that it can do. The danger of the day is, that other and better things will not be forthcoming to guide and gratify this appetite and taste. The activity of the times is unfavourable to depth. The show and glitter of the times are unfavourable to solidity. And the impatience of the times for rapid results, fostered by much that is taking place in the various departments of life and action, is unfavourable to the painstaking and perseverance which are inseparable from extensive learning, mature conviction, and deep principle. If a ‘little knowledge’ has ever been ‘a dangerous thing,’ it is so now. There is no peril to spiritual faith more serious than that arising from a superficial acquaintance with the prominent subjects of human inquiry and interest. The relations of Christianity to science and philosophy, owing to various causes in both the Church and the world, are in a condition of peculiar delicacy; and they who think at all, and do not think profoundly—they whose minds are active without being well furnished—are exposed to a fearful probation of their trust in the gospel. The solemn duty of the Church is, therefore, not merely to meet the age in the great congregation,—to excite and please it by eloquent and easy addresses on the superficialisms of knowledge,—but to employ the intercourse thus afforded for the purpose of introducing to the more secret and deeper things of religious faith and feeling. If the lecture-hall be not the porch to the holy temple of profound truth, it will be little better than a synagogue of Satan.

We have stated our intention not to review these lectures. We cannot, however, dismiss them without a word or two as to their style and tone. They are sufficiently marked by the common attributes to be desired and expected in such productions. They are earnest, kind, and frank; they breathe a spirit of warm sympathy with the particular class for which they were prepared; and compared with things of their own kind, they are worthy of esteem and commendation. Some of them are admirable in conception and execution, and would do credit to any men. Yet, *as a whole*, we should be unfaithful to our solemn convictions, if we hesitated to say that they do not realize our idea of what is needed by such audiences, upon such subjects, in the present day. They too often remind us that the speakers are wont to have everything their own way—that their utterances are accustomed to be received without discussion; they too often substitute fine praises for strong proofs of truth; they too often indicate a state

of knowledge less mature, if not a date of preparation more distant, than exactly accords with our sense of what is right and fitting. Several of the lectures discuss the questions of faith and infidelity; and these are, in our view, most open to objection. Their general intelligence and fervour we joyfully admit; and likewise remember that they were intended for a congregation chiefly composed of professed believers in Christianity. Nevertheless, we should be more pleased had the discussion, in some cases, been marked less strongly by the advertising style—been more reverential to the claims of just reasoning, and less careful of the arts of popular impression. Some of the lecturers appear really ignorant of the actual condition of the subjects they deal with,—utterly incompetent to place themselves in the exact position of large classes of minds whose case deserves, and would reward, a different treatment. There is quite enough of warning against infidelity, of reproof of its wickedness, and scorn of its absurdities—but there is scarcely aught of a generous consideration for natural difficulties, and manly sympathy with honest doubts. Indeed, the ‘doubters’ find no mercy. Advantage is taken of wild and extravagant pleas made in their behalf to pour contempt and confusion upon the whole class. The radical evil of what we now complain of, seems to be an undue and partial estimate of mere Christian credence, as if the great thing were to induce men to believe that the gospel is from heaven, irrespectively of the reasons and conditions of their faith; and therefore we have the advocate where we want the philosopher, and listen to dogmatism instead of reasoning. The meaning of much that is advanced amounts to little more than this—‘Christianity is a very true and very fine thing; it is so good that none but the bad can reject it, so self-evidencing that only the wilfully blind can fail to perceive its claims. If you doubt about it, or about our representation of it, you must be in a fearful state. Close your mind to whatever would suggest misgiving respecting its orthodox interpretations, open it to whatever would commend their wisdom. We are poor, insufficient creatures; pride of intellect has done all the mischief in heaven and earth. If science contradict conventional doctrines, it must be “false”; if philosophy is inconsistent with received opinions, it is “delusive.”’ Now this style of speech, we must be allowed to think, is not the style in which the claims of revelation ought to be presented before thousands of young men at such a time as this; and there are multitudes of that class who would simply smile at such a presentation of them. It is to be much wished that ministers of the gospel, and Christian leaders of public opinion, would make themselves acquainted with the general state of human thought upon the subject of religion; that they would study more pro-

foundly the relations of written revelation to other manifestations of God ; that they would eschew all weak arguments, partial authorities, and disingenuous arts ; that they would cherish more faith in their own system while seeking to produce it in other minds ; and that they would come into broad and generous collision with the difficulties, not all manufactured, and the doubts, not all wicked, that harass and perplex many of the most interesting and hopeful of our race. Then we should have many things of like purpose and scale with these ' Lectures to Young Men,' but of higher nature, and superior power.

We shall take an early opportunity of returning to the subject of the Pulpit and the Platform, and in the mean time commend it to the serious attention of our readers.

ART. V.—1. *Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers, including their Private Correspondence, now first published from the Original Manuscripts.* By Elliot Warburton, Author of the 'Crescent and the Cross.' In Three Vols. London : Bentley. 1849.

2. *Memorials of the Civil War, comprising the Correspondence of the Fairfax Family, with the most Distinguished Personages engaged in that Memorable Contest. Now first published from the Original Manuscripts.* Edited by Robert Bell, Author of the 'History of Russia,' 'Life of Canning,' &c. Forming the concluding volumes of the 'Fairfax Correspondence.' In Two Vols. London : Bentley. 1849.

WE formerly, in reviewing other Memoirs, observed that, in order to comprehend the history of the Commonwealth, it will soon be necessary to toil through a whole library. We are already exposed to the embarrassments of wealth, and every year augments our perplexities. In general, however, it may be said that one spirit pervades the labours of those who are employed in bringing to light the records of those times, and that spirit is one of enlarged liberality, more or less in harmony with the character of our own age.

Mr. Warburton is an exception to this rule. Instead of having been carried forward by the flood of public opinion, in line, as it were, with his contemporaries, we behold him drifting slowly, far back on the dim and dismal waters of prejudice, fancying himself what he is not, pleading the cause of helpless puerilities, and endeavouring to awaken, in a sternly logical age, the contemptible

sympathies of our forefathers for the Stuarts. He apparently thinks it very pretty to adopt the language of fiction, addressed to the vulgar in station or intellect, and to declaim about Cavaliers and Roundheads as if still in the precincts of the nursery. He will already, perhaps, have felt, if he set any value on the opinion of the judicious, that he has entirely lost his labour; but he purposely, perhaps, writes for a different class of persons—for that inane portion of society who worship parchments and silver forks, and who believe in the divine origin of royalty and gentility.

There are, nevertheless, numerous evidences in 'Rupert and the Cavaliers,' that Mr. Warburton is not quite satisfied with the correctness of his own views, for he very often pauses in his headlong course of puerile admiration, and makes admissions which, if he were capable of thinking consistently, would, even in his own eyes, appear fatal to the cause he has espoused. But from the whole tenor of his work, it is clear they are not made from conviction. He has introduced them, that in case of necessity, he may be able to say that he has granted in part, at least, what a liberal antagonist ought to claim. Another cause may likewise be assigned for this proceeding. Mr. Warburton is a very harmless and amiable man, and provided he be suffered to nourish his mind upon the scraps of antique notions and prejudices that have come down to us, is ready to abandon to others, almost without reluctance, the credit of enlightened and enlarged conceptions of politics. About any truth in this science, he invariably, if he happens to allude to it, proses like an ancient gentlewoman. He does not comprehend the value of freedom or rights, does not feel that to enjoy liberty is to be a man, does not perceive that whatever is noble, or honourable, or great, or glorious in human nature, is utterly at variance with that species of loyalty which carried the Cavaliers into the field, and has now, in the nineteenth century, led him to extol their insolent folly.

This we say, though well able to appreciate the virtue of fidelity, even to an imperfect cause. In fact, there were many among the partisans of Charles I., who deserved to be held in high estimation for the motives by which they were actuated. Circumstances had never revealed to them the beauty of liberty; their minds had been disciplined in obedience to divine right. Their attachment to Charles was that of children to a parent, and therefore, however wrong in fact, they were right in theory. To such men history will always gladly do justice. But it is one thing to speak sparingly of their errors, to put a kindly construction on their motives, and to be gentle to their memories, notwithstanding that they were inimical to their country's freedom; it is another and a totally different thing to set up their ignorance before the wisdom of their contemporaries, to prefer their weak-

ness to other men's strength, and to endeavour, as Mr. Warburton does, to encircle their political aberrations with a halo intended to eclipse the glory of their infinitely nobler, wiser, and more patriotic neighbours.

We have read Mr. Warburton's book with much commiseration. He is, in many respects, a man of talent, often describes well, sometimes eloquently, narrates with ease, and is occasionally picturesque, or even vigorous. It is a pity that such qualities should be allied with a mean understanding, utterly incompetent to grasp the truths of politics, or even to rise to the level of the common logic of events. He often uses phrases because they seem pretty, often introduces reflections because he has met them in books, and fancies he comprehends the value of them, and incessantly repeats epithets because he has found them tell with female romance readers. As we have intimated, there are good passages in the book, which would be altogether amusing, were it not for its prolixity. This induces us to speak as kindly of Mr. Warburton as possible. But if we were to make a collection of his adjectives, and show the reader how he employs them, we should not afterwards be able to protect him from the charge of utter silliness. 'Doomed' and 'fatal' are his favourite words. Everything about Charles is 'doomed,' everything about his cause is 'fatal.' You have doomed ranks and fatal standards reiterated *usque ad nauseam*. Other ludicrous epithets crowd every page, such as 'regicidal oligarchy,' 'blood-hound discipline,' 'shadowy crown,' 'pantheistic walls,' 'drunken duke and brutal marquis,' 'loved and lovely queen,' 'murderous lust,' 'fantastic and fatal Buckingham,' 'witty and sensual coxcomb,' 'dark destiny,' 'outraged king,' 'craven lords,' 'blythe and stubborn Scots,' &c. &c. This is exactly the language that used to be employed, though with considerably more skill, by the manufacturers of the 'Minerva Press Novels,' from the assiduous study of which, Mr. Warburton has probably acquired it. If he means to make authorship his profession, he would do well to adopt a different course. He is a man of talent and information, and possesses a certain sprightliness of fancy which would largely contribute to render him popular among the supporters of circulating libraries. At present, his style is flaccid and effeminate to the last degree. His narratives read like the effusion of a dowager duchess describing the Court where she had sacrificed her youth.

We are sorry that, as we differ altogether from Mr. Warburton in political opinions, we cannot at least praise his book for its merit in other respects. But its execution is as bad as the spirit which pervades it. His ideas are mouldy and obsolete, his phraseology crowded with neologisms, he has inherited his

opinions and borrowed his style. There is no trace of independent thought or vigour of intellect. He is a sort of drawing-room historian, who writes for the belles of a past generation, not for the young and vigorous-minded women who are just beginning to make their appearance amongst us. Mr. Warburton reminds us of the elder D'Israeli, who once wrote commentaries, long since forgotten, on Charles I., fancying he was going to rival Julius Cæsar, as his more dashing son undertakes to rival Moses. There will, no doubt, always be found some person to sympathize with a defeated and punished tyrant, because there are two classes indestructible in society, whom such a personage may be said to represent: first, they who would like to do as he did—second, they who feebly worship power in whatever hands it may be placed.

When we first took up the work, though the author's previous productions had not inspired us with much respect for him, we at least expected to find a sensible attempt at doing justice to Prince Rupert, which is quite as desirable as that justice should be done to Milton, Newton, or Cromwell. History ought to have no partiality. Truth is due to all men, and most of all, to the dead. Had we lived in Prince Rupert's time, we should have been opposed to him in house and field, because he was one of the people's worst enemies; fierce, unscrupulous, and unrelenting. But no man is made up of bad qualities exclusively. There must be a bright as well as a dark side to his picture, and we should be glad to see a fair summing-up of his deeds, and an honest and upright appreciation of his character.

For a task like this, Mr. Warburton is altogether unfit. From the very outset, he flings himself into his subject with a boyish admiration, and while adhering, we dare say, to facts, does his utmost, by colouring, to give the whole the air of a romance. All the trivialities usually related of the youth of princes are collected together with the querulous industry of a court nurse, and spread complacently over scores of pages for the entertainment of those who relish gossip of that sort. He occasionally puts us in mind of Macfarlane, though he has not the snappish ill nature and oracular conceit of that writer. It is in their admiration for kingly and great personages that they are truly *arcades ambo*. They dearly love a king, a prince, or even a duke—there is something so delightful in royalty, something so grand in having a golden hoop upon one's head, in wielding a gilded stick, and strutting in furred robes. Gentlemen of this caste do not, of course, believe that kings are descended from Adam, but from some pre-adamite, celestial race, transmitted without the intermediation of the ark by processes unknown to vulgar history or physiology.

We ourselves entertain but little veneration for the proceedings of courts and cabinets, and therefore cannot estimate highly Mr. Warburton's attempt to reblazon the king and queen of Bohemia, whose pomps and vanities were so evanescent, and who, after having acted in a transient farce, were constantly kept during the remainder of their lives on the verge of tragedy. And here a peculiar trait in Charles I.'s character may be noticed. He could always find money to bestow on favourites, such as the Duke of Buckingham, whom his profusion enabled to live in the utmost excess of vice and debauchery. But his sister, who could not make herself so agreeable to him, he permitted to linger in comparative poverty and obscurity to the end of her days, an exile in Holland, among strangers or enemies. Love descends, it is said, but does not ascend. It certainly does so but seldom in courts; it is equally averse from spreading collaterally. Buckingham, the favourite of the new king, was believed to have poisoned the old one; but this did not interfere with his court favour. But Charles found his sister an useless and disagreeable person, who could neither promote his pleasures nor further his political views, and therefore he suffered her to wither in neglect and contempt. Mr. Warburton does not deny this, nor does he, because he cannot, deny his inveterate propensity for dissimulation and falsehood, for heartlessness towards his friends, and unmitigated vindictiveness towards his enemies. But he avoids stating the case distinctly, beating and shying about the bush in the hope of bewildering his readers, and leading them unawares into the pitfall of fallacies which he has prepared for them.

All the early part of the volumes, which are at least thrice too bulky, we read with a mixture of scorn and pity—scorn at the attempt to impose upon our understandings by trashy arts of rhetoric, and pity that a man of talent should thus waste abilities which might have been turned to some useful purpose. Like all effeminate thinkers, he has a horror of revolutions, however sacred may be the cause, or however holy the principle on behalf of which they are brought about. He cannot bow the knee, or submit his mind, to any new revelation of God's truth. He would seem to think that Providence itself has abdicated its rights of innovation, and that all established institutions have a claim which must be made good against heaven and earth. In words he appears to repudiate the idea of divine right, but in thought he ardently clings to it; otherwise his idolatry of royalty and rank, and his inanities about 'high-bred noses,' would have no signification, even in his own vocabulary. We do not know precisely what is the difference between a high-bred and a low-bred nose, whether it be the nose of the synagogue, or of the Roman forum, or of the Athenian agora. Plato, we remember,

speaks of the aquiline noses of the kings of Persia as of things indicative of race. But no divinity of the Hellenic Olympus condescended to favour this aberration from the theory of beauty, so that the gods at least had low-bred noses, according to Mr. Warburton. We recommend him to ponder on the lucubrations of Slaunkenbergius and Bruschambile, who speculated much on the nasal organ, and probably, in their erudite pages, determined which is a high-bred and which a low-bred nose. Possibly, however, he is only a humble disciple of those learned authorities, to whom, for further explanation, we refer the reader.

Whoever hopes to find in the records of human nature, a single nation, or a single party, composed entirely of good men, will assuredly be disappointed. Good and bad have assembled together, and co-operated in the defence of every principle which has ever formed a rallying cry to mankind. It is in the proportion that the difference between parties and nations consists. Now the diligent student of our civil wars, whatever may be his opinions in religion or politics, must inevitably have made the discovery that, in point of faith and morals, the Puritans were incomparably superior to the Royalists. No doubt can be entertained that Charles's army, from first to last, was licentious and profligate in the highest degree, though we do not by this intend to maintain that there were not numbered in it many pious and noble gentlemen, who blushed for the vices of their comrades in arms, and led lives worthy of a better cause. On the other hand, it is equally true that, though the Puritan ranks were filled with godly and upright men, many sons of Belial were also found among them, who entered the service of the Commonwealth to further their own ends, not to do glory to God, or good to their country. The cause of the Puritans was that of religion itself. In the first instance it was for liberty of conscience that they took up arms; and though afterwards, when victorious, they became intolerant, and thus acted in contradiction to their first principle, we are not, on this account, to deny them the praise they merited, of having been, upon the whole, virtuous and conscientious men, whose very errors were those of intemperate zeal and over-heated devotion, while their enemies were distinguished for a libertinism and profligacy never surpassed by the inmates of any camp whatever.

Of this unquestionable truth Mr. Warburton appears to be unconscious. He is utterly incapable, moreover, of raising himself to the level of the great men of the Republic, whom he misunderstands and disparages. When, however, he comes to narrate, though his relations are always tinged with prejudice, he seems sometimes desirous to fling off its leaden weight, and be just to his countrymen of all parties. But though we give

him credit for the attempt, we must add that he always fails in it, his leaning to the Royalists being so decided that it is beyond his power to resist it. One of the best passages in his work is that in which he describes the battle of Edgehill, which we shall therefore select for an extract:—

‘The Parliamentary army began the fight by three shots from their guns upon the right; the King’s artillery instantly replied. Then the whole line advanced; as the Cavaliers approached, a horseman darted from the enemy’s column and rode up to Prince Rupert, flinging from him the orange badge he bore. It was a lieutenant in Sir Faithful Fortescue’s troop, to announce the defection of his commander with all his men; and that the signal would be the firing a pistol in the ground. The Prince, already on the move, observed the signal, and forbore to assail the deserters, but Killigrew and Byron slew several of them before they discovered their purpose. Rupert now led on the Royal horse, commanding them to use their swords alone and “charge.” Before the word was fairly uttered, that brilliant cavalry was on the spur; away in one wild sweep of magnificent confusion, the proud chivalry of England dashed in generous rivalry, each seeking to strike the first home-stroke “for God and for the king!” What could abide that thundering charge, all spur, no rein. Every heart within that flashing armour was on fire, every voice a shout of triumph, every plume bent forward to the charger’s mane. The Roundheads seemed swept away by the very wind of that wild charge. No sword was crossed, no saddle emptied, no troopers waited to abide the shock. They fled with frantic fear, but fell fast under the sabres of their pursuers. The cavalry galloped furiously until they reached such shelter as the town could give them. Nor did their infantry fare better. No sooner were the Royal horse upon them, than they broke and fled. Mandeville and Cholmondeley vainly strove to rally their terror-stricken followers. They were swept away by the fiery Cavaliers. “But,” adds the canting and profligate Lord Wharton, who, it was said, hid himself in a saw-pit on the occasion, “it pleased God to begin then to show himself, for their cavalry took bait upon our baggage, so lost their advantage—only three hundred of ours were slain.” The more shame for them if it had been true.’—Vol. ii. p. 23.

In the above passage, we have an example of that treachery which has been so common in other civil wars, and so rare in our own. Sir Faithful Fortescue’s name did not express his character, which was that of incomparable baseness. With respect to the charge against Lord Wharton, it seems to rest entirely on the authority of one of those libellous and profligate songs which were so much in favour in Charles’s army; for if his partisans could not conquer the Puritans, they could defame and vituperate them. Those filthy records of royalism cannot be read at the present day.

‘On, away for London, spreading their terror round them, still they fled, their colonel, Ramsay, first in flight and loudest in despairing

news. But the one troop commanded by Sir Faithful Fortescue had stood: they fired their carbines in the ground and joined the Prince, but a score of them were slain before their object was discovered.

‘The Cavaliers, meanwhile, seemed as if carried away by the torrent of the fugitives. They had encountered no opposition, and they thought the battle won; its prizes were before them. Roundhead waggons, laden with spoil, and magazines full of the arms so sought for and desired, choked up the narrow streets, and were soon plundered by the troopers, whilst others pursued the flying enemy as madly as they fled, until Hampden’s brigade, coming up from Stratford, checked and turned backward the pursuit.’—*Ib.* p. 24.

This is an incident upon which Mr. Warburton does not insist. He dismisses it at once, and returns to the more congenial task of celebrating the doubtful triumphs of the Royalists, all traces of which were afterwards thoroughly obliterated by the battles of Marston Moor, Naseby, and Worcester, where the Puritans taught their bragging antagonists what it was to encounter Englishmen contending for their rights.

‘Meanwhile the Royal left wing was equally broken and routed by success. Sir Arthur Aston’s stout dragoons had cleared the way for Wilmot, who found scarcely an enemy to oppose him, so rapidly had Rupert’s impetuous charge broken the spirits of the Roundhead horse. As the right wing of the Cavaliers had run riot, so also the left lost all control over itself, and spread over the field in pursuit of Meldrum’s flying troopers. Nor did the contagion stop there. Sir John Byron and Lord Digby, who commanded the reserve, led forward their eager horse to share in the pursuit, and the King’s infantry was left exposed and unprotected. Then the Parliamentary reserves of cavalry under Balfour charged in upon the Royal Artillery, and vainly tried to spike the guns while they cut down the gunners. Then wheeling round, they charged the Royal foot in the rear, as the latter were advancing upon Stapleton’s rallied horse, and forced them back at point of pike. Finding their rear attacked, however, the Guards gave way and fled. The Roundhead horse rode through and through them with terrible execution, and, at last, cut their way to the Royal Standard, where Sir Ralph Verney died, as he had foreboded, in its defence. At the same time, the brave Lord Lindsey fell, his thigh broken by a musket ball, and Lord Willoughby, refusing to leave his father, was taken prisoner by his side.

‘And now the fortune of the day seemed wholly changed; the Royal cavalry was all scattered as if defeated, and for the most part wandering beyond the enemy, the artillery harness was cut away and rendered useless, the Royal Guards in total rout, and only a few battalions under Ruthven and Astley still showing an unbroken front. The whole field of fight was so bewilderingly confused, that none knew where to seek his officer or troop, and many were slain or made prisoners by those whom they mistook for their own men. A few of the leading Cavaliers, amongst whom were the Duke of Richmond and Sir John Culpepper, had rallied round the king, and some of them now coun-

selling him to fly; for the Roundheads were again resuming courage and advancing towards the hill. But the king knew that his fate depended on this, and as that army had been raised by his person and presence only, so it could by no other means be kept together, and he thought it unprincely to forsake those who had forsaken all they had to serve him. In a few minutes, the smoke clearing away, revealed more clearly the posture of affairs. Ruthven and Astley still held their ground, and kept the division under Essex in full employment. Balfour's horse had met with some rude encounters, and returned to rally and form under shelter of their infantry, but the Royal Foot Guards were scattered, and the Royal Standard flaunted over the heads of the exulting Roundheads. Then Captain Smith, an officer in Lord Bernard Stuart's "Show Troop," resolved to rescue it or die. There were none to second him but Robert Walsh, an Irishman, and one or two more, and the stoutest brigade of cavalry could scarcely penetrate that serried line of pikes, through which the musketeers still kept up a continuous fire. Smith and his comrades snatched some orange scarves, the hated badge of Essex, from the dead, and easily mingled, in the confusion, among the enemy. So they approached the Lord General, whose secretary, Mr. Chambers, was waving the standard in triumph above his head. Smith rode up and unceremoniously told him that a penman had no business to carry such a standard in a field like that; so saying he snatched it from him, and moved quietly away until he had a clear course before him to the hill, then, galloping off with his precious prize, he restored it in triumph to the king, and was knighted on the spot.

When Prince Rupert returned, with such troops as he could rally from the chase, he found a great alteration in the field; his majesty, with only a few noblemen about him, and the hope of so glorious a day quite vanished. The prince vainly attempted to gather his broken troops again, for one last charge, which would probably have been final for that war. But it was impossible to get together effective men enough even to attempt it. Evening was setting in; the few horses that could be mustered were exhausted by want of food and their long and furious chase. Wilmot's, indeed, on the far left, were comparatively fresh, and Lord Faulkland, whose blood was now up, and whose oft-repeated cry of "Peace, peace, peace," was forgotten, conjured the commissary to charge Sir William Balfour's dragoons, who alone remained unbroken, and protected their exhausted infantry. Wilmot made a most unsoldierlike reply: "My lord, we have got the day, let us hie to enjoy the fruit thereof." The king thought, and with better reason, that he had lost it; and, what is stranger still, Lord Essex also thought himself defeated, so much so that in one of the last attacks made by Ruthven and Astley's brigade, he took his stand in the front of his pikemen, resolved to take no quarter and to die. For him, indeed, there would have been no alternative if defeated.

"In this doubt of all sides," says Lord Clarendon, who was an anxious spectator of the battle, "night, the common friend to wearied and dismayed armies, parted them, and, in dismal anxiety and doubt, the Cavaliers and their king prepared to bivouac on the fiercely contested and undecided field." The leaders of both armies knew that if they retreated, their forces would rapidly dissolve, and that their sole

chance of maintaining or rallying their troops, was to hold their ground. Essex drew off his forces about three-quarters of a mile, and the king resumed his position on the hill, some pickets only, his horse and foot, remaining to occupy the plain below. Fires were lighted of wood and bushes, and by them the king and Prince Rupert watched throughout that dismal, anxious night. A freezing wind swept over the wearied armies, and the frost alone closed up the unconnected wounds, or staunched the welling blood of thousands. Both armies stood aloof in mutual fear, and none but the fiendish spoilers of the dead ventured on the field.'—*Ib.* p. 29.

Mr. Robert Bell, editor of the second portion of the 'Fairfax Correspondence,' forms a striking contrast with Mr. Warburton. There is a difference of two hundred years between them. Mr. Warburton lingers in the political nursery, and delights in telling pretty stories of kings, queens, princes, and princesses, for the amusement of persons of his own calibre in intellect. Mr. Bell, with a manly liberality worthy of the period in which he writes, dismisses all antiquated historical prejudices, and enters upon his object with a cool judgment and a clear understanding. That he may be less advanced than ourselves in his political creed is nothing. We do not object to differences of opinion. What we dislike and despise is the ill-concealed conviction that everything great and worthy is confined to the party to which the writer happens to belong. Mr. Bell can perceive merit wherever it is to be found, and condemn, when justice requires it, even those who share his own political opinions.

In editing the concluding portion of the 'Fairfax Correspondence,' he had a very delicate and difficult task to perform, because the hero of his work, after having faithfully served the republican cause, became at length alarmed at his own deeds, repented of his patriotism, and gradually swerved towards that royalty which he had so actively assisted in extinguishing. Fairfax was an extremely able, but not a great man. He was equal to the subduing of the king and his armies, but when he came to contend against his own prejudices, he was compelled to yield up the victory. Having conquered the material strength of monarchy in the field, he succumbed to the bare idea in the closet, and became a recreant from his own principles. For this, however, we must not judge of him with too great severity. He probably understood very little of speculative politics, and had rather a strong will than a strong head. Like many others, moreover, he found his star pale in the presence of that of Cromwell, and retreated from the scene to make way for a much greater man.

On the King's trial, and, afterwards, at the Restoration, Fairfax displayed much indecision and tardiness. He suffered his

name to remain at the head of the Judicial Commission, but refused to sit. That is, he gave his sanction to Charles's trial and execution, but would not be present either to defend or condemn him. Again, at the Restoration he asked pardon of Charles II. for all that had passed, but did not intrigue for fresh place or power. His ambition did not lead him to desire to pass for a consistent man with posterity. He refused to maintain a contest with circumstances, and, like many other men, when they draw near the vale of years, lost his energy both of mind and body, and accepted, in part at least, the insulting opinions and prejudices of his opponents, which he had, during the better part of his life, laboured to extirpate and destroy.

Still it would be the height of injustice to place him for a moment in the same category with Monk, that double traitor, who, in turn, served and betrayed every cause. Fairfax's career was like one of those summer days of which the morning alone is bright. His noon was overcast, his evening involved in thick shadows, clouds, and obscurity. To the morning, therefore, must all those look who desire to cherish the memory of this gallant general of the Commonwealth, whose name will be associated for ever with the battles of Winceby, of Marston Moor, Naseby, and many other glorious achievements in that most tragical, and, at the same time, most brilliant period of England's annals. While all was up-hill work for the popular party, Fairfax never swerved nor flinched. Ever foremost in danger and fatigue, the whole of his early life was one continued self-sacrifice. He braved alike the perils of the field and the prospect of the scaffold. He successively defeated the king and Rupert, and all the ablest and best generals of the Royal party; his fidelity to the Parliament knew no taint, and after the investigations of two hundred years nothing has been discovered to throw the slightest doubt on his disinterestedness and sincerity.

Mr. Bell has recapitulated his claims to the admiration of posterity with great clearness, force, and impartiality, and we extract the passage both as a specimen of the perspicuous and manly style in which the work is written, and as a tribute of justice to the Lord General's memory. During the trial of Charles Stuart,

‘Fairfax, nominally at the head of the army,’ says Mr. Bell, ‘was really powerless, and suffered himself to be made the passive instrument of acts which his judgment and his conscience disapproved. Orders which he never sent were issued in his name; measures against which he protested were executed under the assumed sanction of his authority. His apology for adopting a line of conduct which so gravely compromised his personal credit was, that he submitted to one evil to avert a worse. Had he withdrawn from his command at this moment,

the consequences must undoubtedly have been serious, and would have plunged the kingdom into greater distractions than ever. A portion of the army would have followed him under any circumstances; the Royalists would have risen afresh; and the emotion of pity and sympathy with which the people were beginning to be touched by the misfortunes of the sovereign, would have broken out into demonstrations which neither Parliament nor army could hope to appease. It was here that Lady Fairfax courageously asserted, in the face of the tribunal, that not half the people of England approved of the Bill of Attainder. The slightest excuse would have drawn out the talent, remorse, the generous doubts, the desire for pardon, and oblivion of the past, which lay in the heart of the people. On the other hand, the general body of the army, goaded by wrongs and insults, and impatient for such fierce restitution as the fiercest of measures alone could procure, were eager for extremities. At the first defection in an influential quarter, faction would have sprung into renewed activity, the popular party would have been instantly broken up; the army, rent by divisions, would have convulsed the kingdom by a servile war; and, without an intelligible principle to espouse on any side, the horrors of the last five years would have been re-enacted with tenfold violence, recklessness, and confusion. Fairfax saw the difficulties of his position, and shrank from the responsibility of a step which must have precipitated such results. His friends in Parliament urged upon him the prudential course which he deemed it his duty to follow. They had their own objects to serve, that he was so entirely uninfluenced by motives of personal ambition, and he was easily persuaded to sacrifice himself to the repose of his country. He desired earnestly to retire from his command, but it would have exposed him to misconstructions which he held to be fraught with imminent danger; and he continued at the head of the troops till the dismal tragedy was over, and the helm of the state had passed into other hands. "So long as I acted their designs," he tells us, "I might have attained to what height of power and other advantages I pleased." This was what he dreaded. On that famous day when the House of Commons was invested, and Pride's infantry filled Westminster Hall, the sceptre was within his reach. On that day he was the foremost man in England. He was the idol of the army, who had it in their power to bear down all obstacles, and who did bear down all obstacles, notwithstanding his secession. His forbearance in both directions looks like weakness and inconsistency; yet it must be allowed that the motives by which he was governed are entitled to consideration. It is by no means certain that if he had openly resisted the Commons, he could have saved the monarchy; but it is quite certain that if he had saved it by such means he would have restored the deposed tyranny in greater strength than ever, exulting in its victory over popular principles, and devoting its recovered power to the gratification of a wide and sanguinary revenge. Such was the dilemma in which Fairfax stood. Instead of meeting, he avoided its difficulties; and in that hour of England's greatest peril he vanished from the pages of history. Retaining his shadowy command of the army until after the execution of the king, and still unwilling to interfere publicly with actions which he could neither control nor modify,

he satisfied his honour by protests in the Council Chamber; and then, overwhelmed by the regicides, he relinquished his commission, and retired to his estate at Nun Appleton, where he lived in obscurity throughout the term of the Commonwealth. The suddenness of his eclipse was the most remarkable incident in his life—more remarkable than the piled-up glory of his breathless triumphs. He carried into his retreat the memory of a brilliant military career—a body scarred with wounds, and a pure conscience. No man having such opportunities of personal aggrandizement, ever came out of them with cleaner hands. To him his country was mainly indebted for the vindication of its liberties—he owed his country nothing. The course which he took upon the king's trial is open to much discussion; but the worst that can be said of it is, that he faltered at a time when decision, either way, might have precipitated the ruin of the cause to which he was devoted. Fairfax was a soldier, not a statesman; and when the scene of action was removed from the entrenched field to the painted chamber, his genius was perplexed and baffled by elements with which he was unfit to deal.'—*Ib.* p. 87.

With this character let us contrast that of George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who has sometimes been compared with that Ephialtes, who betrayed Greece at Thermopylæ. These are the men who, as Pope expresses it, are damned to everlasting fame; whose treachery and baseness are become proverbial, and who, in the mind of all who love their country, must ever rank next in villany after Judas Iscariot. Mr. Bell has, with great clearness, calmness, and impartiality, weighed both Monk and Fairfax in the balance, and done justice to both. The ordinary historians of England have laboured to elevate Monk's infamy with rhetorical declamation, because his crime was favourable to the cause which they have for the most part upheld. Mr. Bell has not been misled by them, but having examined the whole facts of the case, has been independent enough to think for himself. The passage in which he gives the result of his investigation is somewhat long, but is at once so able and so equitable, that we cannot resist the temptation to give at least a large portion of it.

'The conduct of Monk throughout the Civil War and the Protectorate, was that of a man who trimmed his sails with every fluctuation of the winds. Like Fairfax, he had strong personal grounds of animosity against Cromwell; but, unlike Fairfax, he made his feelings and opinions subservient to his interests. It is impossible to trace the salient points of his career without arriving at a conviction that no great event in history was ever effected by a baser instrument. We find him on the breaking out of the war between Charles I. and the Scots, serving his sovereign gallantly (for with all his faults he was a brave soldier) afterwards distinguishing himself in Ireland, and next acting under a commission from the king, as major-general at the siege of Nantwich. By accepting this appointment he at once pledged him-

self to the cause of the Royalists against the Parliament. At Nantwich he was taken prisoner by Fairfax, sent to London, and lodged in the Tower. His Majesty had so much reliance upon his devotion, that (scarce as money was in the royal treasury at the time) he forwarded Monk £100 to mitigate the privations of his imprisonment. But Monk, nothing loth to avail himself of the royal bounty, was equally accessible to a bribe on the other side. Seeing that the king's cause was declining, he purchased his liberty by taking the Covenant, and a commission under the Parliament. His biographers have endeavoured to palliate this act of ingratitude and infidelity, by the flimsy excuse that he never entered upon terms with the Parliament while the king had sufficient power to keep the field. It does not appear to have occurred to his apologists, that in setting up this excuse for his desertion of his party, they substantiate the charge in its worst aspect. He was faithful to the king so long as the king was able to maintain his ground, and abandoned him in the hour of his greatest need. Fine weather loyalty was this of General Monk, who, entering prison as a martyred Cavalier, issues forth after a while at the head of a battalion of Roundheads! And further, what becomes of this excuse when the same George Monk is discovered under the banner of Cromwell in Scotland, acting as a lieutenant-general of artillery against the prince who had raised his standard in Cromarty, in expectation that all loyal men would rally round him? It was at least one thing to enter the service of the Parliament when the king's cause was over, and another to render active service against its re-establishment. And Monk's service on this occasion appears to have utterly annihilated the prospects of the prince, if his biographers may be believed, for they claim for him the whole merit of the victory of Dunbar. It is curious and instructive to note the flagrant sophistry into which these defenders of Monk are driven, in their forlorn attempt to prop up his reputation. They assert that Cromwell took no measure of importance without his advice; that he it was who proposed to give the Royalists battle on the heights of Dunbar; that great opposition was made to the proposal; but that he charged up the hill, pike in hand, at the head of three regiments of foot, and decided the fate of the day. On the one hand they claim for him the glory of having destroyed the hopes of the Royalists, and helped Cromwell (whom they insist upon it he secretly hated all the while) to the supreme power; and endeavour on the other hand to make the world believe that he did all this for the purpose of acquiring the means to promote the Restoration! He crushed the king's party to secure the confidence of the Commonwealth, in order that he might the more effectually secure the king's cause! It was a far-sighted scheme; a black-art calculation of the future, amounting to divination, and worthy of being chronicled next to that famous prophecy of Langbourne, a Romish priest, who, formerly visiting Monk in the Tower, foretold, from the secret marks and lines in his face, that within a few years he would be the greatest man in the three kingdoms. For this service, Monk was left in Scotland by Cromwell, in the capacity of commander-in-chief. No man fitter to be confided in while affairs were prosperous. In the meanwhile, Cromwell ascended to the Protectorate, and Monk was employed in the Dutch war, which ended

in a peace of which he openly disapproved. But his scruples on that point were appeased by his reappointment to the command in Scotland, where he enjoyed a five years' repose in a country seat belonging to the Countess of Buccleugh.—*Ib.* p. 181.

The reader who is desirous of seeing what may be urged in Monk's favour should read Skinner's *Life of him*. It is a clever piece of sophistry, in which everything is twisted with singular ingenuity into the form which Monk's most devoted admirers would have it take. He finds no difficulty in explaining his change of parties. There is always some kind family at hand, who, having personally obliged Monk, has a right to his devotion, and therefore he naturally goes over to the side which they grace with their countenance. To proceed, however, with Mr. Bell's view.

‘ During this period the surface of communication was apparently smooth and confidential between Monk and Cromwell ; but there was an old grudge and a lurking doubt beneath, which sometimes gave a strange colour to their epistolary intercourse. With Monk, this secret discontent dated as far back as his liberation from the Tower, and his first service under the Parliament in Ireland, when he was censured and forgiven in the same breath for concluding a peace, from which Cromwell afterwards derived some important advantages. Cromwell's distrust of Monk may have originated at the same time. He probably never cordially relied upon a soldier who had joined his party, and gulped the Covenant under such suspicious circumstances ; and a short time before his death, in an ominously playful postscript to a letter, he gave Monk to understand that there was a whisper in the air which it was desirable to silence, or it might gather into thunder. “ There be that tell me,” said Cromwell's postscript, “ that there is a certain cunning fellow in Scotland, called George Monk, who is said to lie in wait there for Charles Stuart ; I pray you use your diligence to apprehend him, and send him up to me.” And the thunder would have shattered the towers of Dalkeith if Monk had stirred a finger on behalf of the Stuart while Cromwell lived. Monk took the hint, and availed himself of every opportunity to testify his allegiance to the Protector. How he continued to hold his command under Cromwell, and to keep in at the same time with the king's friends, is inexplicable ; but no doubt of the fact can now be reasonably entertained. He was regarded all throughout as the most likely person to assist in the Restoration whenever affairs should be ripe for a declaration. His instinct in gliding out of a falling house appears to have been thoroughly appreciated on both sides ; and at the moment when Cromwell was oppressing him with favours, the exiled prince was privately assuring him that he possessed his royal highness's entire confidence. There is a letter extant from the prince to Monk, written in 1655, about two years after Cromwell had assumed the title of Protector, in which, with a judicious abhorrence of Tower treacheries and Cromarty hostilities, he invokes that latent loyalty which he knew would be ready to show itself whenever loyalty

should be again at a premium in the market. "*One who believes he knows your nature and intentions very well,*" are the opening words of the letter, very insidious and full of a sinister meaning, "assures me that notwithstanding all the accidents and misfortunes, you retain still your old affection to me, and resolve to express it upon the first seasonable opportunity, *which is as much as I look for from you.* . . . We must all patiently wait for that opportunity, which may be offered sooner than we expect : when it is, let it find you ready ; and in the meantime have a care to keep yourself out of their hands, who know the hurt you can do them in a good conjunction, and can never but suspect your affection to be, as I am confident it is, towards your . ." With consummate tact, Monk forwarded this very letter to the Protector, and thus made himself safe with both parties, for how could he so well serve the Stuart as by securing the confidence of Cromwell, or how more effectually secure the confidence of Cromwell than by betraying the Stuart ? Whatever turned up, Monk was the man for the occasion. He pursued the same policy to the last. Richard Cromwell had no sooner succeeded to his father, than Monk sent in his adhesion, and proclaimed the new Protector at the Cross of Edinburgh ; and it was not until Thurloe and the rest had entirely broken down, and the army under Lambert began to waver, that he moved in the project for the restoration of the king. And his first steps were, as usual, so cautious, as to be easily retraced.'—*Ib.* p. 183.

Mr. Warburton's hero, Prince Rupert, though lying open to innumerable objections, can scarcely be classed with Monk. He was, by blood, related to the despot, and had been, by education and the traditions of his family, corrupted from his earliest years. He imagined that mankind were born for kings, being too ignorant to comprehend the great cardinal truths of politics, that all persons engaged in public business, from the king to the constable, are in reality the people's servants. Even Burke, however, was unable to receive this truth into his mind, with all the assistance of modern philosophy, and the progress which civilization had made in the interval. Rupert was naturally shaped to be a tyrant's instrument, he had no moral principle, but was attached to the side on which he happened to stand, from the same motives which animate the humblest partisan. Of the love of country he had none, a fact to which Mr. Warburton often alludes, as though it were a recommendation. He was, simply, a reckless soldier of fortune, possessing the courage which the rest of the Stuarts wanted, and unrestrained by any considerations of humanity or conscience. They who admire such a character, will sympathize with Mr. Warburton, who appears to have written Rupert's *Life con amore*.

The correspondence which accompanies his narrative is, in many respects, valuable, but its value would have been very greatly increased had all the letters from which these are selected

been properly arranged and printed with little more than a few notes, explaining such circumstances as required to be understood for the proper appreciation of the correspondence. Even in their present detached state, the collection of letters is of considerable interest, and may be looked upon as valuable materials towards writing a history of the period. The same thing precisely may be said of the 'Fairfax Letters,' which have the additional interest and value of being generally animated by a love of the good cause, the cause of justice, religion, and the people.

ART. VI.—*Poems.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres in the University of Cambridge, U. S. London: Kent and Richards.

AMONG the poets of America, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow deservedly holds a high place. His spirited lyrics have won for him a large measure of popular fame, both among his own countrymen and ourselves; while his generous and powerful advocacy of the rights of the slave, in his fine 'Poems on Slavery,' has given him no common claim to the gratitude of all benevolent minds. We welcome, therefore, this neatly printed little book, which contains a complete collection of the poems heretofore scattered through many volumes, together with his translations, and the last and most ambitious of his productions, the tale of 'Evangeline.'

This tale, a melancholy episode in the colonial history of North America, relating the sorrows and wanderings of the daughter of a French settler, separated from her betrothed on her marriage day, is narrated, in parts, with much pathos, and contains many vivid pictures of river and prairie scenery; but, by a fatal error in taste, the story, which depends for all its power on simple narration, and even homely feeling, it has pleased Mr. Longfellow to tell in hexameters! Now the effect of

'The stately march and long resounding line'

of this measure, when used for familiar description, is actually ludicrous.

'Welcome, Basil my friend! Come to thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco.'

Were hexameters ever before put to such service? As we read these lines we remembered Canning's 'Weary Knife Grinder,' and heartily wished that Mr. Longfellow had had a copy of it at his elbow, to show him that neither English hexameters, nor English Sapphics, can possibly suit familiar subjects, or scenes of every-day life. Reading on, we much wished that the genuine old English 'common metre,' a metre which Mr. Longfellow has used with admirable effect in two of his finest poems, 'The Belfry of Bruges,' and 'Nuremberg,' had been also used here. In the descriptive parts of 'Evangeline,' the hexameter, indeed, has a less 'out of the way' character, than when employed upon 'Basil the Blacksmith,' or his 'pipe of tobacco,' and the following is about as favourable a specimen as we can find:—

' Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the
moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odours, that were their prayers and
confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and
night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moon-
light
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-
trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens.'—

Pp. 92, 93.

Evangeline, at length, after years of unsuccessful wandering, becomes a Sister of Charity, and takes up her abode in Philadelphia. Here there was—

' Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a
stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.'

At length 'a pestilence fell on the city,' and Evangeline daily pays her visits of mercy at the hospital, and there, one morning,—

'On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and grey were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of his earlier manhood.'

This is Gabriel, her long-lost betrothed, who just opens his eyes to recognise her, and then dies.

It is from no mean estimate of Mr. Longfellow's poetical talents, that we express our wish that he would for the future rather cultivate the lyrical, than the narrative. Few poets, indeed, have been able to run through such different 'modes of the lyre,' and yet be 'master of all.' The author of those noble lyrics, 'Hohenlinden,' and 'Ye Mariners of England,' made but feeble melody in his 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' while his 'Theodoric' has passed into utter oblivion.

There is much quaintness in the title of the poems which come next, 'Voices of the Night,' and there is much quaintness in the poems themselves, but combined with much beauty. 'The Midnight Mass for the Dying Year,' one of the first lyrics which gave our author an European celebrity, is doubtless well known to our readers, as it was inserted in several of our periodicals. 'A Psalm of Life' is less known. We must regret, however, that so noble a poem should have been introduced by so strange and sceptical a title as this, 'What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.' Surely Mr. Longfellow cannot mean to tell us that the Psalmist took a lower estimate of the importance of human life than himself. Here is a part—these are fine verses, both in thought and execution:—

'Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

* * * *

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints in the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.'—Pp. 17—19.

The following from among the miscellaneous poems, is in a very different mood. It is exceedingly beautiful, and both in the rythm and the imagery, strongly reminds us of our elder poets.

‘ Maiden ! with the meek, brown eyes,
 In whose orbs a shadow lies
 Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
 Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
 As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,
 Where the brook and river meet,
 Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,
 On the brooklet's swift advance,
 On the river's broad expanse !

* * * *

O, thou child of many prayers !
 Life hath quicksands—Life hath snares !
 Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
 Morning rises into noon,
 May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
 Birds and blossoms many-numbered ;—
 Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
 When the young heart overflows,
 To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
 Gates of brass cannot withstand
 One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.'—Pp. 82—84.

The reverie, 'As the Summer Morn was breaking' upon the belfry of Bruges, is again in a different style ; and, together with 'Nuremberg,' proves to us, notwithstanding the opinion of many of his critics, that Mr. Longfellow's strength lies rather in the past than the present, in pictures of those 'who live in history only,' than in scenes in the villages of New England, or the prairies of the West. A bright pageant has he given us from his high watch-tower, of 'all the foresters of Flanders, the merchants with deep-laden argosies,' the ladies, queen-like in wealth and bearing, the Gold Spurs, the White Hoods, Von Artevelde, Maximilian, the Gentle Mary, 'hunting with her hawk and hound.' And with more spirit, and deeper enthusiasm, does he celebrate that

'Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and toil,'
Nuremberg, so interesting to the dweller in the Old World, for its varied history ; but doubly interesting to the visitant from the *New World*, in whom each relic of the long past, each remain of 'the wondrous world of art,' of the middle ages, must awaken intensest delight. These are fine lines, breathing the true poet spirit :—

'Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies ;
Dead he is not,—but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its
air !

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal
lanes,

Walked of yore the Master-singers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs, came they to the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows
build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
 And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime ;
 'Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy
 bloom
 In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.'

Pp. 104, 105.

There is nothing here, that we can trace, of imitation, the great fault of the American poets, and, indeed, of many of our own. Other poems strongly remind us of Tennyson,—'The Occultation of Orion,' for instance; a wild, dreamy sort of allegory, told in most musical verse. This has somewhat of Tennyson's manner, but the leading thought is more carefully and more feelingly brought out, in a manner, indeed, that reminds us also of our elder poets, while he is disturbed, but pleasantly, through the night, by the—

'Beautiful wild chimes,
 Changing like a poet's rhymes,
 Of the Bruges carillon.'

The poems 'On Slavery' are well known; the fine feeling of the 'Slave's Dream,' the solemn truth of 'The Witnesses,' doubtless have, and will, produce important results; for, as Shelley has finely and truly said, 'poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.' The last of the series is perhaps the least known, and we give it as a concluding specimen in a yet different style:—

'Beware! The Israelite of old, who tore
 The lion in his path—when, poor and blind,
 He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,
 Shorn of his noble strength, and forced to grind
 In prison, and at last led forth to be
 A pander to Philistine revelry—
 Upon the pillars of the temple laid
 His desperate hands, and in its overthrow
 Destroyed himself, and with him those who made
 A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;
 The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and jest of all,
 Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!
 There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
 Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,
 Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
 And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,
 Till the vast Temple of our liberties
 A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.'—Pp. 75, 76.

The volume concludes with a series of translations, probably intended as illustrations for Mr. Longfellow's lectures on Modern

Literature. The chief of these is, the celebrated poem by Tegner, the Swedish bishop, entitled, 'The Children of the Lord's Supper,' representing the rite of confirmation of the village catechumens in a Swedish country church. The poem has obtained a wide celebrity, and has been translated into the various languages of northern Europe. Unfortunately, Mr. Longfellow has chosen to arrange this simple village poem in hexameters, which move slowly and wearily along, taking away much of its beauty: why was not the old 'common metre,'—common to the Danish and Swedish languages, as well as to ours,—adopted? We close the volumes with much pleasure, anticipating many other poems as graceful and impressive as these, but earnestly praying Mr. Longfellow, by all means, to eschew hexameters, and to keep as closely as possible to our fine old English models of style and versification.

ART. VII.—*Loyola and Jesuitism in its Rudiments.* By Isaac Taylor.
London: Longman and Co. 1849.

It is probable that the history of human society, not excepting the half-fabulous records of the heroic ages, does not exhibit such a specimen of intense energy and earnestness as the sixteenth century witnessed in the persons of the two men who chiefly contributed to render it memorable. Never, too, perhaps, was society riven by such forces acting in opposite directions as those whose centres were the spirits of Luther and Loyola. Each of them witnessed the dawn of the epoch in which we live—the greatest, perhaps the last social dispensation. But they met in conditions as different as it is possible to conceive. Luther met its rays as on a mountain top, full of freshness and vigour. Loyola received them as through the stained glass of a cathedral window, when stupified by the incense inhaled through the night. The mission of the one was to convince mankind that they had souls, and reason, and judgment, and that these possessions involved no less the obligation than the right to use them; that of the other, was to teach society that their highest perfections were the qualities of a corpse. The purpose of Luther was to quicken and individualize; that of Loyola was to crush and pound the species into a mass in which personality should be well nigh undistinguishable. Reason, investigation, and independent thought, were commended by Luther as an inheritance from heaven; by Loyola, the exercise of the understanding was re-

garded as the mortal sin which the extremity of penance and torture could scarcely suffice to expiate. In the twilight of intellectual and spiritual revival, the one, whether a constellation or a meteor, was by no means 'brightest in the train of night;' the other, emphatically belonged to, if he did not create the dawn.

Still we do no more than justice to the canonized name of Ignatius, when we designate him as one of the most remarkable men who ever appeared to influence the destinies of the civilized world. Before his superhuman earnestness and intensity of purpose, Cæsars and Alexanders sink into that second class of heroes who serve 'to point a moral or adorn a tale.' And if ambition is to be regarded as the ruling principle of his strange career, the term must be taken in a totally new acceptation. In those whose names are surrounded with that baleful light, which the vulgar, great and little, still mistake for glory, it is but a splendid amplification of selfishness; and though large enough (to quote the illustration of Robert Hall), 'like Aaron's rod, to swallow up the whole fry of petty propensities,' it is in a most philosophic sense the pettiest of them all. If every particle of selfishness could be eliminated from ambition, the residuum would be the whole inner man of Ignatius Loyola. With him power was an idolized abstraction. He worshipped it, and the complete subserviency which is its correlative, as the perfection of human nature in its two cardinal conditions. So that there might be absolute authority in one sphere, and the passiveness of the corpse (this is his own illustration) in the other, he cared not in which condition he was found. It is the eulogy of Hannibal that he was equally qualified to command and to obey; and in later times the spirit of chivalry gave grace to obedience; but in the former case, we learn from Livy how he played the general from the first; and in the second, we do not need to be told a lawless imperiousness of spirit, and an irritable vanity, gilded with the name of honour, proved that the loyal fervour was but reflected selfishness—tuism instead of egotism. The equal love of rule and subordination in their extremes, and these independently of all personal considerations whatever, constitutes, we believe, the secret of the character of Loyola, and gives to it a peculiarity, and almost grotesqueness, to which the records of universal biography furnish no parallel.

Ignatius Loyola, vulgarized into St. Ignatius by the minds he so greatly contributed to debase, was born in the province of Guipuscoa, in the north of Spain, in the year 1491. At an early age he was sent to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella as a page. He came of rich and noble lineage, but as, at *that time*, intellectual attainments were not the invariable concomitants of rank, our hero was most scantily endowed with the blessings of education;

insomuch that it is more than probable that, in the case of Loyola, the train of Isabella was borne by a young gentleman who suffered the inconvenience of not being able to write his name or to read it. His moral culture, however, would seem to have been somewhat more carefully attended to, for we are informed that even in the court of Spain he was distinguished by an abhorrence of profane language, by a reverential behaviour towards the ministers of religion, by a contempt of sordid gains, and by a dislike of gambling. It can hardly be regarded as accidental that a training in such a court led him to the choice of the military profession, and, perhaps, it would have been well for the world had he been known to it only in this character. As a scourge of mankind, he would have ranked, from his power of command and his intense energy and love of action, with, if not above, the greatest heroes of modern history; and not the less so, for the want of some essential intellectual qualifications which, with all deference to military biographers, we must think, when possessed, to have been strangely wasted on the leaders of victorious armies. Had this been the case, Spain might have occupied a very different position in Europe. The thoughtful would have lost the charm of the Provincial Letters, and the thoughtless the pest of the Society of Jesus.

It was in his thirtieth year that an event occurred which most unexpectedly changed the career of Loyola. While defending, with heroic intrepidity, the besieged citadel of Pampeluna against the French, a cannon ball fractured his right leg. The wounded soldier was conveyed to his ancestral home, which stood at no great distance. But the operation of setting appears to have been imperfectly performed, and the expedients to which he cheerfully submitted, with a view to the complete reparation of the injury, involved a process of torture which it is impossible to contemplate without horror. At its close an obstinate protrusion of bone still appeared to mar the smoothness of the stocking, and the exquisite symmetry of the limb. Will the reader believe that this slight personal defect appeared to the 'Founder of the Society,' and that in his thirtieth year, so intolerable an evil that he submitted the leg afresh to the barbarous surgery of the sixteenth century, and parted with the excrescence at the expense of a shortened limb, and of an amount of torture which, acting upon a frame enfeebled with long confinement, reduced him, as was supposed, to the point of death? It was during this illness, and at that extremity when the priest and the physician had retired for the last time from the chamber of the patient, that he is said to have been visited by a more skilful attendant than either, in the person of the Apostle Peter, whose miraculous aid appears to have supplied the deficiencies of

the surgeon, though without neutralizing the more ignorant interference of the ghostly minister. The notorious mendacity of Popish biographers leaves the reader, happily, at liberty to believe only as much as he may please of such accounts as these. One thing, at least, is certain, that Loyola slowly returned to health, and beguiled the tedium of convalescence with the absurd biographies of Romish saints, and with such portions of the 'Life of Christ' as it was thought safe for the laity to peruse without prejudice to their normal condition of spiritual darkness.

This was the crisis in the history of Ignatius Loyola: and we are the more anxious to dwell upon it with some attention, as we feel compelled to differ most materially from the views expressed by Mr. Taylor in this part of the volume before us. Indeed, the language of the author, in relation to what he terms the conversion of Loyola, appears to us, in many cases, as not only wanting in precision, but absolutely inconsistent and contradictory. A few passages from the pages of Mr. Taylor will best elucidate what we mean:—

'Many weeks of languishing upon his couch had yet to be endured by Ignatius. To beguile the hours he called for some of those tales of chivalry which he had been accustomed to peruse. But none were at hand; or at any rate he had extracted the entertainment of such as the castle could furnish. Two books of devotion, both in the vernacular tongue—a Life of Christ, and some ascetic memoirs, or legends of the desert—some one of those collections—Sanctorum Flores—which enrich Roman Catholic literature. In these compositions everything is held to be true which is found to subserve the purpose intended, that, namely, of lulling the reason and conscience, by a gentle excitement of the fancy, and of the feelings.

'These books, looked into at first with listless vexation, soon set on fire the very soul of Ignatius. As every fresh page was turned, sparks fell thick, and thicker still, upon materials so combustible as were those of this soldier's nature. . . .

'It appears, however, to have been the "Lives of the Saints," rather than the "Life of Christ," that *at first* fired the ambition of Loyola's soul, although afterwards the simple evangelic history seems to have dislodged the legends from his mind. "Why should not I," he exclaimed, "with the help of God, emulate the holy Dominic, or the holy Francis?"—Pp. 26—29.

Thus far all that appears on the face of the narrative is, that a young and fiery soldier, with a mind utterly uncultured, and probably indebted to his senses for every idea he had hitherto acquired, is suddenly laid aside by sickness and suffering, with the knowledge that his physical injuries must thenceforth disqualify him, to a considerable extent, for his chosen pursuits of chivalry and war. Now first he becomes aware that heroism is

not confined to the profession of arms, and that devotees, no less than conquerors, have achieved an historic fame; and at once the direction of his ambition is changed—its intensity could not be diminished, without such an alteration of the whole structure of his mind as has probably never been effected by any agency, human or divine. Next came the consideration of that abandonment of the world, and of those diversified mortifications and sacrifices, which must raise him to an equality with the heroes whose escutcheon was only to be found in the calendar; and the contemplation of these appears to have excited the fiercest conflict within him.

‘But,’ says Mr. Taylor, ‘whilst thus agitated and distracted, Loyola was acquiring a species of learning, which, as the master and guide of other souls, was necessary to qualify him for his office. He learned, or he learned psychologically, if not scripturally, in the midst of these conflicts, to discriminate between the true and the false—the genuine and the spurious, among those indistinct or disguised influences to which the human spirit, in the present state, is subjected, and it was thus that he became an experienced director of consciences. The “Spiritual Exercises” give proof of this practised skill, and whatever opinions we may entertain of the general quality and tendency of Jesuitism, it ought to be acknowledged that the writings of its founder show him to have passed through the stages of a moral revolution, which is essentially the same under all systems, professedly Christian. With Loyola, however, this conversion seems never to have gone forward beyond a mid-way position, and it left him therefore at a distance from the home of evangelic peace. He did not recognise, or he had never discerned, in the Scriptures, those first truths which imparted life and power to Luther’s course, as the Reformer of Christendom.’—P. 29.

Against the views thus expressed by Mr. Taylor we must enter a respectful, but very serious, protest. By ‘those first truths which imparted life and power to Luther’s course,’ we of course understand Mr. Taylor to mean the peculiar and fundamental truths of the Christian religion; and we must confess ourselves puzzled to imagine how, in obvious and profound ignorance of these, he could be ‘qualified for his office as the master and guide of other souls.’ In the next sentence, we are informed, ‘he became an experienced director of consciences,’ and this from what ‘he learned psychologically, if not scripturally, in the midst of these conflicts.’ We can only affirm, in all simplicity, our conviction that no man can keep his own conscience, much less direct that of others, except by virtue of what he ‘has learned scripturally;’ while, as to anything which Loyola could have obtained from psychology, we imagine that had Loyola been questioned as to the results of this, his reply would have

been very much in the terms in which certain persons mentioned in the Acts, answered the Apostolic inquiry touching their reception of the Holy Ghost. But we are still more surprised at reading the sentence above quoted, in which the 'Spiritual Exercises' are cited as a proof of the practised skill of Ignatius as a director of consciences. Anything more meagre and unphilosophical than the 'Spiritual Exercises,' anything more indicative of the densest ignorance of the whole genius and design of the Christian religion, no monk and no clown of the middle ages could have given to the public. Of this work we shall presently have more to say; but we cannot pass on without taking exception against the opinion of Mr. Taylor, that 'it shows him to have passed through the stages of a moral revolution, which is essentially the same under all systems *professedly* Christian.' Our own detestation of bigotry would certainly lead us to look with respect even on the extreme of mere catholicity of feeling in others. But we must confess an unconquerable repugnance to the notion, that the great 'moral revolution,' by which we presume regeneration is intended, is essentially the same as regarded under those systems 'professedly Christian,' which may be indicated by such names as Ignatius Loyola, Jonathan Edwards, Phillpotts of Exeter, Dr. Priestley, and Philip Doddridge. If the great change is to be regarded as essentially the same under all these systems, then divinity is the science of quibbles, and the fundamentals of religion are an 'open question.' Nothing can be imagined more morbid and unsatisfactory than the state of Loyola's mind at this time. His self-sentient watchfulness of his own words and feelings, and the direct inferences he drew from them as to the spiritual influences that were acting on him, argue either his ignorance that mankind are under a dispensation of grace, or that their stomach and liver were involved in the general imperfection of their nature.

We must confess, too, that we find no greater satisfaction in the method by which Mr. Taylor seeks to palliate the delusions of his hero. If it be a question whether a mind destitute of all religious sensibilities, or one beneath the domination of a fundamentally false religion, is in the more promising state, we should unhesitatingly adopt the former alternative. There is more hope of the sensualist than of the Pharisee; the man who, in the proud humility of self-mortification and self-atonement, has deposed the Redeemer from his office, is less likely to hear his voice than he whose thoughtless ear is dimmed with the riot of carnal pursuits. Both have everything to learn; but how much has one of them to unlearn, and how much of monkish blurring and fantastic scribble to erase!

But the consummation of the conversion of our so-called saint, remains to be told, and Mr. Taylor shall tell it :—

‘ While thus struggling,’ says he, ‘ with his own emotions, and digesting his plans of expiation—at midnight, and during a vigil—so he told his friends—the Virgin Mother, with the infant Jesus in her arms, effulgent in celestial majesty, presented herself before him, and for some space of time, with incredible benignity remained in his view! How did this vision give intensity to the desire which already was intense, to achieve his pilgrimage to the Holy City! But a favour so signal produced more than a transient effect upon his dispositions ; for it sickened him for ever of things terrestrial ;—it gave him an abiding disrelish of every sensual enjoyment ;—it deadened within his bosom all worldly ambition ;—it set him free from the enthrallment of every inferior passion. The splendour of that vision seemed in a moment to efface whatever had belonged to his former consciousness.’—Pp. 31, 32.

With respect to this occurrence, it is to be observed, that Ignatius himself had not the presumption to affirm that anything preternatural had transpired, or that the whole was anything more than a freak of his own fancy. It is moreover natural to inquire, how a dream about the Virgin Mary (or any other virgin),—probably the reflection of some misshapen doll that he had seen at the corner of a street,—was adapted to elevate his mind once and for ever above the influences of the ‘ world, the flesh, and the devil.’ But perhaps a little examination of the effects produced on his character and conduct, will show them to have been not vastly disproportionate to the cause. We are informed by Mr. Taylor, that Loyola meantime gained strength both of body and mind, of both of which he was sorely in need ; and as the first-fruits of his recovery, we find him transcribing, in a neat and handsome volume, the most remarkable acts and sayings of Christ, of the Blessed Virgin, and of the other saints. To the curious in such matters, it will be interesting to know that the passages relating to Christ were written in letters of gold, those to the Blessed Virgin in purple, and those to the other saints in various colours, unfortunately not particularized by Mr. Taylor. The next effect of his hallucinations was, that he lashed his naked flesh every night with the greatest severity, and tendered to ‘ the most Blessed Virgin’ an irrevocable vow of chastity. From this moment to the end of his course, we are told he lived wholly exempt from the assaults of earthly desires—a convenience which he sagaciously attributes solely to the intercession of the Virgin. His next adventure is not more indicative of spiritual maturity. Overtaking a Mahometan stranger, mounted like himself, he entered at once into a discussion with him of the darkest mystery in the life of the Virgin Mary ; the Moor demurred, and Loyola immediately entertained the project of assassinating him with

his dagger. The question whether this act was in perfect accordance with the Divine will he left to be decided by the superior wisdom of his mule, resolving to be decided by the fact of the beast taking or diverging from the road, on which the stranger had now outstripped him. The mule, from motives which must probably remain a secret, turned into another path, and Saint Ignatius was only a murderer in intention. Next in the order of effects from his so-called conversion, was his visit to Jerusalem, with the joint intentions of the pilgrim and the apostle. His preparations consisted of a long hempen cloak, of the most rugged texture, a tunic, a rope for a girdle, shoes of matted Spanish broom, a pilgrim's staff turned at the end, and a drinking bowl. These articles he attached to the pommel of his saddle, whence they hung, as no very ornamental appendage to his equipment. Under the cover of night he bestowed upon a beggar the costly dress he had been accustomed to wear, emptied his purse to the last piece in acts which he mistook for charity, and betook himself to his journey.

We should not notice more particularly the puerile absurdity of this conduct, had it not been frequently repeated in the course of his more active career, insomuch that Mr. Taylor, by frequent and contemptuous references to it, seems to indicate that this increased the difficulty he felt in investing his subject with either intellectual or moral dignity. On his return from Jerusalem, where he seems to have been mainly occupied with the same superstitions which have ever absorbed the ignorant rabble of pilgrims, he arrived at Venice, where it occurred to him, for the first time, that he would not be the worse qualified to effect the conversion of the world if he were endowed with the commonest rudiments of education. He started, therefore, for Genoa, on his way to Spain, where he resolved to place himself at a common school at Barcelona. For this purpose his entertainer at Venice had furnished him with an outfit, and a suitable supply of money. He left Venice, therefore, on his way to Genoa. 'At Ferrara, having bestowed an alms upon a mendicant, he was soon surrounded by a swarm, among whom he distributed the entire contents of his purse, and thus, with his journey in prospect, reduced himself instantly to the necessity of begging his daily bread! Curious illustration of the alternate sway of reason and of non-reason, within a vigorous mind. Might not the gold pieces he had been furnished with have been well employed in furtherance of the very intention of his return to Barcelona? If we might here pause a moment to find fault with the religious system under which Loyola had been trained, it must be on the ground, not so much of its feeding the vulgar with childish illusions, as of its shedding absurdity—which it

has always done—into the best constructed minds, so that moral grandeur and puerility, sublimity and nonsense, walk on either hand of each of the church's heroes.' The puerility and nonsense we appreciate most fully, but of moral grandeur and sublimity we cannot perceive the slightest indication in the character of Loyola, save in a monstrous intensity of will, devoted to purposes which will not bear the test of enlightened and philosophic reflection.

Arrived at Barcelona, he puts himself to school, takes his Latin grammar in hand for the first time, and submits, we are told, without a murmur to those peculiar aids to grammatical study of which (as Sir James Stephens says), 'who can forget the efficacy or the pain.' His course in the school seems to have been attended with most scanty success; and in February, 1528, he arrived in Paris with his studies almost to recommence, and in his thirty-eighth year we find him again placed among boys, and laboriously striving to master the very rudiments of learning. And here we have from Mr. Taylor an observation, which, as compared with the tenor of his book, is as surprising as it is probably true, but which is calculated somewhat to damp the enthusiasm of those who ascribe to Loyola mental attributes of which he was utterly destitute. 'The necessities he submitted to during these years of study, probably tried his constancy not nearly so much as did *the repugnance of his own mind to occupations which were purely intellectual.*' It is amusing to observe the style in which the author refers to some mental habits which we can only regard as the proofs of extreme weakness, both mental and moral. The following passage, among several that we have noted, affords an insight into the character of our saint which is not particularly flattering, when we recollect that he had passed the zenith of a somewhat extended life :—

'The habit of his mind, and *its tendency toward absolutism*, is well indicated by what he tells us was the method he employed for the better securing, on his own part, an instantaneous and unquestioning compliance with the commands of his college preceptor, or with the instructions conveyed to him by others in subordinate positions. The head master he brought himself to think of as Christ; while to others, severally, he assigned the names of the apostles—mentally calling one Peter, another John, another Paul. Thus he broke down within himself the principle of self-will, by a quaintly imagined fiction, which lent the force and sanction of Heaven to every syllable that might be uttered either by his instructors or his companions.'—P. 81.

Our main purpose in this article is to present briefly what appears to us the true estimate of the intellectual and religious character of Ignatius Loyola, and then more incidentally to point out the same leading characteristics as marking the Society of Jesus, of which he was the nominal founder. We say the nominal

founder, for monstrous as the constitution of that order undoubtedly was, the degree of cunning and sagacity which it displays, is by no means to be specially placed to the account of Ignatius Loyola. Even Mr. Taylor, whose admiration of Ignatius we are utterly at a loss to understand, makes the following important admission:—‘Great reason is there to believe, that to the superior intelligence of two or three of the distinguished men whose names are henceforward to be associated with his own, he was indebted for the more profound provisions of that code which has given permanency and efficiency to the order of Jesuits. From this time onward, therefore, we are contemplating the concerted movement of a cluster of minds, and can claim for Loyola only in particular instances, what undoubtedly belongs to him.’

This view, which we have no doubt is the true one, narrows considerably the field over which our further observations need be conducted. Of the other founders of Jesuitism, we shall say nothing, but that in the crypt of Saint Dionysius, on the 5th of August, 1534, they constituted themselves the source of the nascent Society of Jesus, by a solemn oath binding them to a condition of absolute poverty, to a total renunciation of the world, including of course the deepest and most beautiful propensities of our nature, and an unreserved devotion to the service of God and the good of souls. With these vows were connected some of a more conditional character, such as a mission to Palestine, and an absolute surrender of their services and themselves to the arbitrary disposal of the Pope.

The reader will therefore not confound the Society of Jesus with the monastic and anchoritic orders of the Romish Church. From these they differed as much as the devotees of India, who place the *summum bonum* in quiescence, do from the active philosophers of Greece and Rome. Their mission was not to solitude but to society; and herein, we imagine, lies the secret of that mischief which their scheme has invariably operated alike on its votaries and on mankind.

Their most essential principle, as dictated in the ‘Spiritual Exercises’ of Loyola, which Mr. Taylor justly estimates as the Bible of Jesuitism, was a profound and total indifference to everything which belongs to the external interests of man, to comfort or indigence, to reputation or obloquy, to health or sickness, to length or shortness of life. With these principles, and with their spirits overhung with the weight of terrific vows binding them to their fulfilment, they were destined to mix with ordinary society, and to twine their secret influence amidst its inmost ramifications. We are happy to agree with Mr. Taylor in his views of the philosophy of this arrangement:—

'Christianity,' says he, 'regulates human nature, and works upon the basis of its undisturbed constitution. Instead of saying that a man "should not seek health more than sickness, nor prefer riches to poverty, honour to contempt, a long life to a short one"—instead of this, it addresses these very instincts of self-preservation, and the desire of well-being, and boldly says—reiterating the promises of a less spiritual dispensation—"he that will love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil," &c. Christianity taught those whom it found in the condition of slaves, in the first place, patiently to endure so great a misfortune; but then, and if there were the opportunity to obtain freedom—"to use it rather."—Nothing can be more manifest than is the contrariety of the ascetic dogma of indifferentism or moral apathy, to the spirit of Christianity. But then what is to be noted is this—that whereas this sophistic principle was altogether in harmony with the anchoretic mode of life, and was in keeping with its practices, and therefore took no firm or broad hold of public morals, to deprave them, it has been far otherwise with a Society the members of which are sent forth to mingle familiarly with the world—to be as little distinguished as possible from other men in their attire and their modes of behaviour, and to diffuse themselves throughout the mass in every mode of ordinary colloquial intercourse. We may be quite sure that an absolute indifference to present good and ill can never be maintained by more than a very few individuals among a mass of men, living abroad in the world, and coming daily into contact with the good and the ill of common life. So long, therefore, as this stoic indifference is the professed principle of *such a body*, its silent and introverted operation will be of the most unfavourable kind upon the moral sentiments; it will not fail to render the conscience obtuse, and to generate a constitutional disingenuousness, not very remote from hypocrisy. The bold attempt which Loyola has made to disjoin the foundation *principle* of the ascetic institute from the ascetic and anchoretic *mode of life*, can have no other issue than this; and the fact should be noted as foremost among the causes that have drawn upon Jesuitism its ill repute as characterised by a cold duplicity.'—Pp. 201—203.

The mere mechanical ordering of this most unnatural and anti-Christian society we shall pass over as foreign from our purpose, and shall only further notice the 'Spiritual Exercises' and the 'Letter of Obedience' as illustrative of the character of the founder, from whom they immediately emanated. And here again we must profess ourselves at a loss to understand what are the real opinions of Mr. Taylor. He admits in numerous passages the almost imbecility of understanding and the gross theological ignorance incessantly indicated throughout this celebrated work. For obtaining to it the sanction of the Inquisition, he reflects on the double-mindedness of Ignatius, under the mitigated epithet of a want of 'Christian simplicity' (p. 95). And yet, when opposing at length, at page 49, the opinion that it was produced

immediately after what he calls his conversion, he presents his views in the following language:—

‘If the fact affirmed by his biographers—namely, that the book of the Spiritual Exercises was indeed composed by *him*, and at *this time*—that is to say, almost at the moment after his own conversion had been consummated—if this could be placed beyond doubt, it must be regarded as presenting an extraordinary instance of sudden maturity of intellect. A parallel instance can scarcely be cited of a literary production so wholly unlike what might have been looked for from the mind whence it came:—it might be likened to one of those experiments of the chemist who, by adding a few drops from his phial, converts, in the twinkling of an eye, a sparkling fluid into an opaque substance. The hot-brained soldier devotee, who is madman enough, not merely to leave his home, but to deck himself in rags, and to beg his bread superfluously from door to door—this same devotee, whom we find at the river’s side, becoming, in a trance, a profound theologian, and an accomplished philosopher amid the blaze of a vision!—this man, within the compass of a few weeks, writes a book which, whatever opinion we may be inclined to form of it at a cursory glance, has proved its adaptation to the human mind, for effecting the purposes it intends, through the course of three centuries; and it has done so, on the largest scale.’—P. 49.

And yet towards the close of his work, we find the following passage:

‘The Spiritual Exercises, should not be thought of as a *book*, but as a method. If it were regarded as a literary work, scarcely could it pretend to merits of any kind: as to the mass of it, it is mindless, vapid, jejune, frivolous. But as a *method*, it has proved itself to be of great efficiency for the end it has in view. This end, however, we must not allow to be identical with a genuine renovation of the mind and affections, or a turning of the soul from vice to virtue, either in a scriptural or a philosophical sense:—it cannot be so allowed, and for reasons precisely analogous to those which impel us to resent the pretensions of the quack, who engages, for a stipulated fee, and in such a time, to cure any and every disease, how inveterate or malignant soever, by means of a certain number of his boxes or phials. The Jesuit Society has manifestly outstepped the limits of discretion on this ground. Certainly these are not the times when it will be easily granted that the inmates of a penitentiary, promiscuously taken, will infallibly be restored, not merely to outward good behaviour, but to inward moral health, and be filled with all heavenly graces, by a twenty-eight days’ course of meditation in a dark chamber!’—Pp. 227, 228.

And again:—

‘Much that meets the eye in these Spiritual Exercises cannot but seem utterly inane and nugatory. The reader, not informed of the important place which the book holds among the institutes of so noted a

society, would almost instantly throw it from him, and take up in its stead, and with a feeling of comparative respect, the most frivolous sample of literary trifling. But if such a reader knows any thing of the conflicts of good and evil principles in his own bosom—if he have himself, and in all seriousness, contended against the ill impulses of the heart, and have done so on the ground of Christian motives, it must be with a feeling kindling from contempt into indignation that he peruses such instructions as the following, and is gravely assured that, by the careful and punctilious observance of inanities such as these, a vicious condition of the soul, even the most inveterate, will be remedied—and this—within so many days !’—P. 203.

After this, the reader will be content with the briefest exposition of the ‘Spiritual Exercises.’ The spiritual patient is to be placed alone in a darkened cell, and for the first few days is to note the prevalence upon his mind of his besetting sins, by horizontal lines drawn shorter and shorter, until they vanish in a point which indicates his total freedom from them. His next exercise is to form, by an intense effort of his fancy, a graphic representation of hell and of heaven ; of the nativity and the scenes of the life of Christ, level or sloping, woody or bare, &c. ; and in all these exercises so to stimulate the imagination that the very senses may seem to receive the impressions of sweetness or nauseousness, fragrance or stench, and the like, which are to be associated with the bliss of holiness and the torment of guilt.

Then comes a meditation on the incidents of the passion, and an image of the scene is to be fixed upon the mind, ‘as rough or smooth, as short or long ;’ and of the place of the Supper, as wide or narrow, plain or adorned, and the like, the way descending first, and of steep descent ; also the garden, which must be imagined of a certain size, shape, and nature. The closing exercise has to do with the resurrection of our Lord, and at this blessed period of his imprisonment the novice is permitted to throw open his shutters and delight his eyes with the cabbages and carrots, and other adornments of a Jesuit’s utilitarian garden.

But we are utterly sick of this drivelling stuff, and doubt not that our readers fully share our disgust. It is only deserving of notice, as it gives us a most favourable opportunity of remarking that the interposition of sensuous images, whether really existing or seemingly created by the application of unnatural stimulus to the fancy, is as directly opposed to the principles of philosophy as to the dictates of religion. The same may be said of all external form and ceremony. ‘God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth ;’ whatever is interposed between the spirit of the worshipper and the Being from whom it emanated, whether it be a ceremony or a

crucifix, an attitude or a picture, is an opaque and excluding medium—an idol in the sense of the Decalogue, the 'vain oblation' of the Prophet, and the 'beggarly elements' of the Apostle. When will the Church accept in full, the gracious invitation of Jehovah to meet Him face to face!

We have already intimated that the *Constitutions* of the order of Jesuits, devised as they were, in a great degree, by the associates and the successors of Ignatius Loyola, do not require examination within the scope of the present article. It remains to us to notice briefly the 'Letter on Obedience,' which may be regarded as constituting the second Testament of the Jesuitical scriptures. It only indicates, in a stronger light of manifestation, the fundamental defects of the 'Spiritual Exercises.' If the one is unphilosophical and foolish, the other is outrageously absurd. It enforces upon the Jesuit-Christian, if such a term is allowable, not only a practical obedience, but an actual assent of the soul to all the dogmas of the spiritual superior; and on him, again, of *his* superior, the series terminating in the delegated omniscience of the Pope. An instance will suffice to illustrate this position. The penitent is required to obey, *quasi cadaver*, that is, with all the passiveness of the corpse; and if the superior should declare that black is white (these are the exact words of Ignatius) the pious Jesuit is to assent to the dogma; and that not only with oral obedience, but with that subjection of the judgment which, in the founder's opinion, might be obtained by indefinite flagellations, fastings, and penances. This, we say, was the absolute law of the Society of Jesus.

In contemplating this almost incredible farrago of absurdities, our first impression is that of wonder that such a man as Mr. Taylor can have deemed *such* a system a worthy theme for a studied and laborious essay. Well may he say that Loyola was most repugnant to intellectual pursuits, for the system he has thus propounded clearly shows that he was as incapable of the function of thinking, as any infant on whose forehead he ever daubed the sign of the cross. For what is belief? it is the assent of the understanding to a proposition which is seen to be verified by adequate or preponderant evidence. It is clear, therefore, that unless the known inspiration of the dogmatist supersedes, or, rather, anticipates, the natural law, the evidence alone, and not the authority, must determine the belief. If, therefore, the priest possess an influence sufficient to silence the voices of reason and scripture combined, the argument is at an end, and the immolation of the understanding and the conscience on the altar of faith, is a reasonable sacrifice. On any other showing, the absurdity of the principle is such that we have no adequate terms of scorn and contempt in which to expose it.

On the whole, the attention we have now given to the subject disposes us more than ever to regard the entire system of Jesuitism as a delusion which makes us well nigh ashamed of our species; its principles absurd, and its votaries dishonest; its influence pernicious, both morally and spiritually, to the last degree; its founder a puerile and foolish enthusiast, incapable of entertaining or thinking out a single abstract principle, and the biographical essayist before us as engaged in the embarrassing and fruitless effort to construct a great man out of the most miserably insufficient and scanty materials.

ART. VIII.—1. *Debate in the House of Commons, May 1, 1849.*

2. *Punishment of Death—the Statistical Argument.* Reprinted from 'The Eclectic Review,' August, 1848. London: C. Gilpin.

3. *It is not lawful for us to put any Man to Death.* By the Rev. George Heaton, M.A., Assistant Chaplain to the County Prisons of Gloucester. London: C. Gilpin.

4. *The Sacredness of Life, and the Doom of Murder.* By Thomas Hill Lowe, M.A., Dean of Exeter.

5. *The Law Magazine.* May, 1849. London: Benning.

THE night of the 1st of May, 1849, witnessed one of the greatest triumphs yet achieved in the British Parliament for the cause of humanity and good government. Not a noisy triumph; not a success announced by sound of trumpet and beat of drum; but a solid, substantial, influential, moral victory, calling gladness into the hearts of good men, and forming a rallying point for the philanthropist and the Christian wherever they exist.

On the evening named, Mr. Ewart, to whom the cause of criminal reform and general progress owes a large and lasting debt of gratitude, introduced before the House of Commons his annual motion for the total repeal of the Punishment of Death in the British dominions; and not only did the honourable gentleman (aided, as he was, by Mr. Bright, Mr. Brotherton, Lord Nugent, and other opponents of legal homicide) succeed in reducing the majority against him to the small number of twenty-four (in itself an assurance that before long the figures will exhibit a totally opposite result), but he elicited from the Secretary of State for the Home Department concessions so remarkable, that no British minister can ever again venture to rely on the traditional arguments which have been, until this memorable

evening, invariably employed by 'the powers that be' in support of capital inflictions.

It will probably be remembered that when Mr. Ewart brought forward his proposition in March, 1848, Sir George Grey opposed the motion *upon statistical grounds alone*. He even then gave signs of approaching conversion; for on that occasion he entirely surrendered the *scriptural* defence of death punishment, and narrowed the question into one of simple expediency. On that ground, however, he took his stand; and, producing some startling off-hand figures, extracted in haste from the 'Criminal Returns' annually presented to Parliament, he argued that the recent remission of capital penalties in respect of certain crimes had increased those offences, and, therefore, that it was *necessary* to retain death for murder.

Knowing that the real facts of the matter were at variance with the Home Secretary's statement, we, in our number for August last, reviewed his arguments, pointed out his logical errors, and corrected his statistical accounts; and we had the satisfaction of showing, not only that in the particular instances alluded to by Sir George Grey, the repeal of the extreme penalty had resulted in a diminution of the crimes, but that in all times, and in all countries, the effect of capital punishments has been to increase the offences against which they have been directed, and further to deprave the whole moral sense of the community that has employed them.

We stated in our article alluded to, that we by no means intended to accuse the Home Secretary of wilful misstatement. We were convinced of his honesty, notwithstanding his errors; and the sequel has proved that we did not miscalculate either the honour or the frankness of his character. To as large an extent as we could have wished, he has, in the most straightforward manner, admitted the main errors which we pointed out to him in his statistics, as the following extracts from his speech in the recent debate will show.

Remarking upon our statement, that his figures, with reference to Attempts to Murder, had been incorrectly compared, we find him saying:—

'First, with regard to Attempts to Murder. *The mode in which I stated the case may have led to the error.* I stated the great increase that had taken place in the attempts to murder since the capital punishment had been removed in those cases in which no injury dangerous to life had been inflicted; but I *ought to have stated* that the class of offences under the head of Attempts to Murder in the Criminal Tables, *comprised many to which my honourable friend adverted as formerly omitted from that class.*'

This was precisely the charge which we brought against the

Home Secretary; and although the error was not one of considerable moment, still we are gratified by its correction, because it shows that even the assertions of a minister of state are not to be accepted without investigation. Again, we pointed out an important miscalculation respecting the crime of rape; which error the Home Secretary thus, in the main, admits:—

‘With regard to rape, it is said that I ought to have taken into account the increased number of prosecutions. *There may be something in that.* The great increase in those cases since the abolition of capital punishments *may be in part accounted for by the increased willingness to prosecute.* I fully admit that juries were more in the habit formerly of convicting for the minor offence.’

Once more. We exhibited a striking mistake in Sir George Grey’s statistics concerning forgery; and the right honourable gentleman thus confesses his error:—

‘With respect to forgery, it has been stated that that head comprises many offences not included under it in former returns, and that therefore the comparison is unfair. *To a limited extent this is true.* . . . No doubt this would disturb the comparison of commitments to some extent.’

Our object, however, is not to go into detail in respect of these matters. We have exposed Sir George Grey’s mistakes, and he has rectified the chief of them; that is enough, therefore, upon this head. Our main design, at present, is to call the attention of our readers to the important fact, that the Home Secretary, who last year relied entirely upon figures in his opposition to Mr. Ewart’s motion, now abandons statistics altogether, in addition to theology, and makes his ground of defence even narrower still. ‘Statistics,’ he at length says, ‘are so liable to the operation of various disturbing causes, that there is not much reliance to be placed upon them:’ and again, ‘I do not ask the House to decide this question upon statistical figures.’ This, of course, is a virtual abandonment of the reason which has been so long relied upon; for after this, figures can never again be pleaded by an English minister in support of the gallows. We have, therefore, good cause to congratulate the friends of progress upon the important difficulty which has thus been removed from their path. The theological artillery was silenced in 1848—the statistical guns have been spiked in 1849.

And now, what remains to be done in 1850? Very little. Sir George Grey, finally says that he is contented to rest his case on ‘*a broad, common-sense view of the question.*’ This is precisely the point to which we wished to bring him; and having pinned the Home Secretary to this issue, we shall now proceed to consider the subject in the light suggested, and

bring the matter home to the *reason* of our countrymen, confident that we shall be enabled to demonstrate the essential irrationality of this pernicious punishment.

First, let us see what the Home Secretary's 'broad, common-sense view of the question' amounts to ; and we beg the reader to mark well the flimsy reasoning which contents a minister of state when the life of the subject is at stake.

'I agree,' says Sir George Grey, 'that if the state is as safe without the infliction of death as with it, it has no right to inflict it.' Very well. That position is simple enough ; and we meet it, by showing (as in the cases of Tuscany, Belgium, Germany, America, and India) that there are fewer murders, and consequently that life is safer, without the punishment of death than with it. But this is not enough for the Home Secretary. 'I am prepared to show,' he goes on to say, '*that there is a necessity* for the infliction of death upon the murderer.' Now, 'necessity' is a term which admits of neither qualification nor modification ; a 'necessity' is a thing actual, positive, evident, and provable ; and means *an obligation which cannot possibly be avoided*. But the necessity which the Home Secretary pleads is of quite a different sort. 'I do not mean,' he says, 'a necessity capable of absolute proof and demonstration ; a necessity capable of mathematical proof.' Why what, in the name of logic, does such special pleading mean ? Here is a minister of state who hangs men for certain crimes ; he is asked why he does so ? he replies that he only does it on the ground of necessity ; he is thereupon desired to demonstrate the necessity which he pleads, and he then coolly says, 'The necessity which I speak of is a necessity *which cannot be proved* !' How utterly absurd ! If the necessity is not capable of demonstration, why is it pleaded ? If it cannot be proved, why destroy life upon the faith of it ?

But let us see how the Home Secretary tries to get out of this difficulty. 'I cannot *prove* this necessity,' he says, 'but I am *prepared to appeal to reasonable men*, and ask them whether it is *not necessary* for the protection of human life to throw around it the guard in question ?' This is certainly a very easy way of evading the dilemma. The Home Secretary cannot prove the necessity of capital punishment for murder, so he calls on 'reasonable' men to admit it *without proof*, and to reassert it notwithstanding its unprovableness ! As, however, none of his supporters answered his appeal, we suppose we must presume that they are as unable to demonstrate this unprovable necessity as he is.

The truth is, that the 'necessity' urged merely exists in conjecture. It is a necessity grounded, not upon fact, but on opinion, and that opinion (as we shall show presently) an erro-

neous one ; a necessity akin to that pleaded by Queen Mary for her Smithfield human bonfires—by King James for the destruction of witches—and by secretaries of state twenty years ago for the infliction of death on coiners, thieves, forgers, sheep-stealers, deserters, and offenders of about two hundred and fifty other classes ; a necessity of mere supposition and fancy. ‘ *I am convinced,*’ says Sir George Grey, ‘ that the penalty of death has a deterring effect.’ ‘ *I believe* that there is in the human mind that terror of death which causes this penalty to have a deterring influence.’ ‘ That there are persons who are deterred from crime by the fear of death, *I think* we may safely infer.’ Such is the nature of the ‘ necessity’ on which Sir George Grey defends the infliction of death ; and we now intend to meet him on the ground which he has chosen for his final stand, and prove to him how utterly untenable is his position.

That the alleged necessity does not exist *in fact*, we have fully demonstrated already. We clearly showed in our statistical argument, that where capital punishments most abound, murder is most common ; that where capital punishments are rarest, murders are rarest too ; and that where capital punishments have been entirely abolished in respect of murder, the crime of murder has invariably decreased. This, of course, disposes of the pretended necessity at once. For if a country has fewer murders without the penalty of death than with it, then the penalty of death is not only unnecessary, but positively baneful. And further, it must never be forgotten that while there is no evidence whatever to show that the penalty of death operates to restrain men from committing murder, every murder which is perpetrated is a clear proof that the penalty of death does *not* restrain.

But now let us turn from the fact, to the theory ; from the practical, to the conjectural, necessity. The Home Secretary bases his supposed, but unprovable obligation to kill the murderer, upon the presumption that the fear of death existing in the human mind is a dread which can be operated upon by threats, and appealed to as a deterring influence. But we believe we shall be able to show most satisfactorily that this is a complete delusion.

All experience proves that the fear of death is the very last fear that we can realize. We have an instinctive consciousness of life which nothing can conquer. ‘ The termination of that principle in which the power of conceiving, itself, inheres,’ says Mr. Westland Marston, in the ‘ Topic,’ ‘ is the last actuality that the reason can entertain ; the most inoperative, because the most unrealizable ;’—and Lord Bacon says, ‘ It is worthy the observing, that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak,

but it mates and masters the fear of death; and therefore death is no such terrible enemy.' The fact is, that the fear of death, however universal in the abstract, is not a dread that can be *brought home to us*. Had we been made easily susceptible to the fear of death, how wretched would have been our lives—threatened as they are by a thousand mortal accidents at every moment of our existence! What enterprise should we have undertaken? what hazard have incurred? what risk have run? We should have been too timid to stir, to move, or to perform the slightest labour. But, as it is, the fear of death never stops or restrains us in the least. A confidence amounting almost to recklessness possesses us, and under its influence we undertake whatever presents itself. It may be, perhaps, that for a moment, some threatened danger seems to impress or warn us more than usual; but courage, or passion, or shame, soon leads us to push the bodeful thought aside, and to trust the words (now repeated by the Tempter to the children as they were formerly spoken to the parent), '*Thou shalt not surely die.*'

Now, that the fear of death does not operate restrainingly, is evident on every hand. Every soldier is a proof of it, so is every sportsman, so is every traveller, so is every suicide, so is every duellist, so is every sailor, so is every labourer in hazardous occupations, so is every man living, indeed; for not only does death stand ever before him, and threaten him in some four hundred different shapes, but every living being is resolutely following some avocation, or vice, or study, that he *knows* will shorten his existence. If the threat of death 'operate with a deterring influence,' as Sir George Grey asserts, how is it that men will become soldiers? Were the Home Secretary's doctrine sound, the fear of death would operate to prevent enlistment, as well as murder; but we have always quite as many soldiers as we want—and (if Mr. Cobden is to be believed) generally more! A full third of the human race at this moment follows the military profession; and the whole human race did so at one stage of its history. The fear of death, then, is so weak that it does not prevent men from encountering death for mere *hire*; and yet the Home Secretary would have us believe that it is strong enough to restrain men from committing murder! Not so strong as the temptation of ten-pence a day and army rations, he tries to persuade us that it is stronger than passion or madness!

Nay, strange though it may seem, there is something in the threat of death that rouses our contempt for it. Men, says some one, disdain to be terrified. 'The recoil of humanity from the idea of death is the origin of the temerity that braves it.' How little the fear of death deters, may be seen in the facts that a fatal accident on a railroad, or a steamboat, has no influence on its

traffic ; that recruits are most readily found when war is most destructive ; and that there are always most sportsmen when the chase is most dangerous. Now we believe that were the risk incurred anything but the risk of *death*, the hazard would in most cases be avoided. Were disgraceful imprisonment the peril incurred in war, or in the chase, or in hazardous employments, or in railway travelling, not one man in ten thousand would run the risk of it. Once make degradation instead of death the penalty of duelling, and that murderous vice would cease. Why, will the Home Secretary pretend for a moment that the threat of death which the law holds out to the duellist, has ever restrained an offended man from sending a challenge ? He knows better. He knows that the very threat arouses the courage and disdain of the duellist, and makes him fight to prove his bravery as well as to avenge his insult. Just so with the murderer. Even granting that the threat enters into his calculations (which we firmly believe it never seriously does, inasmuch as when he has conceived the thought of murder he is past all calculation whatever), the threat of the gallows tends of itself to arouse the brute courage of his nature, and so to cause him to perpetrate the deed through very bravado and disdain.

This tendency of human nature to disregard and despise the threat of death may seem a strange one, but it is easily accounted for when we consider the peculiar tenure on which man holds existence. One important fact seems to have been entirely forgotten in respect of the efficacy of the threat of death ; the fact, namely, *that we are all under sentence of death as it is*. This deprives the threat of all its force ; for we all know that we must die at some time or other ; and, consequently, when a man contemplates a crime to which is attached the penalty of death, he naturally says (if he calculates at all), ‘ Well, I *must* die some day ; I may just as well run the risk of dying now ; especially as it is only a risk after all. A few years more or less can make no real difference, and a momentary pang on the scaffold is not much to bear at the worst. Besides, who knows but, as it is, I may die to-morrow ? ’ The greater the criminal, the more ready is he thus to reason. For to profound crime a cold fatalism invariably links itself, persuading the malefactor that he is only a tool in the hand of destiny, and cannot resist his appointed doom. To every man, therefore, and to the criminal most of all, the threat of death is necessarily inoperative, because it is known by every man, not merely that sentence of death is already pronounced upon him, but, also, that the date of his execution is fixed by the Eternal decrees, and can neither be anticipated nor delayed by the interference of his fellow-man.

But again. Not only have we naturally an instinct of life

which nothing can overcome ; not only does the threat of death actually rouse the recklessness that defies it ; not only is our fear of death set at nought hourly by the mortal dangers which we hourly escape ; but numerous other influences are potently at work to dissociate the ideas of death and terror. The philosopher teaches us that death is 'only a circumstance in our being ;' the poet seeks to persuade us that it is merely 'a shuffling off our mortal coil,' and an entrance to nobler existence ; the warrior connects it with deeds of glory ; and from fifty thousand pulpits we are continually taught not to fear the King of Terrors, for he has been conquered for us, and is now only to be regarded as the messenger who leads us to our immortality ! Who does not now see, therefore, that a punishment based upon man's supposed fear of death, is like a house built upon the sand, which the first wave of passion, or the first gust of frenzy, will utterly destroy and scatter to the winds ?

We have yet a little more to say upon the fact, that to the man contemplating murder, the threat of death is less terrible than to anybody else. A height can never be attained without treading the intermediate steps ; and a man cannot have arrived at the determination to murder without having gone through every gradation of immorality. He has by these means forfeited all the pleasures of life, and being has become to him a misery. Passion has defiled and soiled his existence, and consequently death can have no terrors for him, but must rather appear as a refuge and a rest. In Mr. Sampson's 'Criminal Jurisprudence,' it is shown that the proportion of murderers who commit or attempt suicide, is no less than *sixty per cent.* ; and is it not known to every one that murderers are incessantly watched by turnkeys from the moment of their apprehension till they appear upon the scaffold, lest they should deprive themselves of the life which the law presumes they hold so dear ? Perhaps it will be said in answer, that these suicides are attempted or conceived, in order that the public exposure may be avoided. Granted. But does not this prove our point ? Does it not clearly show that it is not *death* which is feared by the culprit, but *ignominy* and *execration* ? Men can bear to die, but they can *not* bear to be made publicly infamous. Take the vilest, the most callous, the most reckless of all criminals, and if you brand him with disgrace and universal shame, he will cry with Cain,—'My punishment is greater than I can bear ;' and he will seek to destroy the life which it is fondly imagined he wishes to preserve.

Sir George Grey makes an admission when arguing on this point which we think is in itself fatal to his case. He says,—'There are doubtless many instances in which men, reckless of all consequences, under some strong passion or evil motive,

commit the crime of murder ; and in these cases, of course the kind of punishment does not act with any determinate effect.' Now we are prepared to maintain that *all* murderers come from this class—that men who are *not* thus reckless, never conceive of a resort to homicidal violence at all. 'In order to *be* a murderer,' says Mr. Combe, 'a man must possess the minimum of the faculties which confer foresight, prudence, and a just regard to self-interest ; and the maximum of the brutal propensities which rush headlong to violence, regardless of results.' Men, therefore, who do *not* possess these combinations will never murder, even though a smaller punishment than death were the penalty attached to the crime ; and men who *do* possess these combinations, will commit the offence, let what will be the doom annexed to it. The fallacy on which Sir George Grey relies is this,—that although the threat of death confessedly fails in some cases, it *may* operate in others. 'We are to look,' he says, 'at those who *do not* commit the crime, and who are deterred from it by the knowledge that they would suffer death if they did.' Yes ; but where are these persons to be found ? Their existence is like most of Sir George Grey's assumptions—purely apocryphal ; and as we have before remarked, while every committed murder is an undeniable proof that the fear of death does *not* restrain, there is not the slightest positive evidence to show that it *does*, in any case. Fact and reason, then, both support our conclusion. Fact shows that the gibbet *does not*, and reason proves that it *cannot*, prevent the commission of the crime it is erected to repress.

But the Home Secretary and his supporters will probably say that persons are restrained by the fear of death from committing murder, not when they have made up their minds to perpetrate the crime, but in the early moments of their passion, before it has obtained the mastery over them. We doubt this altogether ; because, as we have already argued, the conception of murder either occurs instantly and instinctively to the mind which resorts to it, or it does not arise until the passion has become absolutely overpowering ; in both of which cases, all calculation of results is foregone and omitted. But even granting that there is a stage in the criminal's thoughts when the threat enters into his considerations, it has yet to be shown that in that important moment a penalty short of death—say a disgraceful and ignominious imprisonment for life, would not deter from the commission of the crime quite as effectually. Until this is demonstrated, it never can be fairly said that the punishment of death is '*necessary*,' and consequently Sir George Grey and the opponents of the abolition, are confessedly bound to make the experiment. Nay, the right honourable gentleman himself calls for this trial. He says,—'*Until it can be clearly and satisfactorily shown that*

some other punishment will equally deter from the commission of crime, the government must exercise the power of capital punishment now possessed.' Very well. Then we ask for the opportunity. We are ready to show 'clearly and satisfactorily,' that the gallows is no more necessary in England in 1849, than it was in Tuscany in 1780, or in Belgium in 1835; and as Mr. Bright said in his powerful and masterly speech during the debate under review, we should be quite satisfied to agree to a trial of secondary, instead of capital punishments, for a period of years, say five, or ten, or twenty, to test the question, and settle it for ever. Until this opportunity is offered, Sir George Grey can never more plead the 'necessity' of death for murder. That necessity has never been proved yet; and never can be proved but by direct experiment. The Home Secretary says that the punishment must continue 'till he is satisfied that he can safely remove it.' But how is he to be satisfied until he tries the effect of the abolition? What architect fears to remove his scaffolding, lest his edifice should fall? He tries the experiment; and so should the statesman. That he may do so with safety, the experience even of our own country will sufficiently demonstrate, as we showed at length in the statistics which we published last August.

Before we pass on to other considerations, we must pause to overthrow once again Sir George Grey's conclusion, with the battering-ram of his own reasoning. A large portion of his speech was devoted to a description of the depraving tendency of public executions. He spoke with manly, and honest, and healthy disgust of the evils incidental to such scenes; and hinted that if private executions were proposed, he would not object to the alteration. Now it is not our intention to discuss the propriety of substituting secret for public strangulation; we have a strong opinion upon that question, and at some future time we may probably express it; but our immediate object is now to show that the suggested change is a virtual surrender of the whole argument. For on what ground does Sir George Grey defend the punishment of death? *On the ground of its exemplarity.* His argument is, that killing men operates to deter other men from crime. The more exemplary the fact is made, therefore, the better, he should say. What a person *sees*, he can realize far more distinctly than what he only *hears of*. If *threatening* a punishment is good, *performing* it must be better still. Yet Sir George Grey decries the *exhibition* of the punishment which he approves! The punishment is good, he argues, but the infliction of it is evil. It is beneficial to threaten it, but injurious to execute it. It is right that men should be killed, but it is wrong to witness the killing. Killing men 'operates to deter others'

from killing ; but the actual *infliction* of this punishment which *deters*, is evil ! Did any one ever hear of such suicidal logic ? Why, if it is 'depraving' to *see* an execution, what is it *do* one ? If killing does harm in the daylight, what good can it do in the dark ? Sir George Grey reflected severely upon the persons who could go to witness such scenes. But whose is the fault ? not theirs, but the law's. The law provides the sight for the edification of the public ; and yet the administrator of the law complains of the public for going to the sight to be edified ! He tells us that the mob which goes to see an execution, goes to 'gratify' its taste. So that by his own confession, what is meant to be a terror and a warning turns out to be only a gratification !

Does the Home Secretary think that the evil lies in the mere exhibition ; and that by hiding the spectacle, he would prevent the mischief ? If he does think so, he is sadly mistaken. For though he may close the eye, does there not remain the ear ? The 'taste' of which he complains is not *destroyed*, because the homicide of the law is done in secret : nay, so far from being destroyed, it is increased ; for mystery becomes added to sympathy, and so the interest grows all the more intense. What the public eye is not allowed to see, the public press describes ; and the spectacle denied to hundreds, is communicated to thousands. Make executions secret, and rumour would instantly exaggerate and magnify their horrors. There is only one way of putting down this 'depraved taste ;' and that is, by abolishing the cause of it. That cause is not the public exhibition of the homicide, but the homicide itself. The gathering of the multitude is but an expression of a sympathy which is equally irresistible, whether the man is to be strangled in public or in secret. *A man is to be killed—that* is the fascination ; and so long as the *fact* remains, the *interest* will be shown. Consequently, Sir George Grey's admission, that public executions do harm by creating a 'depraved taste' in the community, is a virtual condemnation of the punishment of death itself, which by its very nature stimulates and arouses the sentiments in which this taste originates.

We should but ill discharge our duty to the public, and to the cause which we have here taken in hand, were we not to advance from this view of the *inefficacy* of capital inflictions, to a demonstration of their positive *injuriousness*. We have two points to prove : 1st. That the punishment of death does not restrain from crime ; and 2nd. That it incites to it. Our figures have shown, not only that where capital penalties are abolished, crime diminishes ; but that where they are retained, crime grows. And we now propose, upon plain rational grounds, to account for this undeniable fact.

In the first place, public executions *teach homicide*. They

address themselves to the organ of imitation; always a dangerous faculty to excite violently; and thus tend directly to the production of the very crime which they profess to punish. It is a singular fact, but an undeniable one, that there exists in the mind a desire and tendency to reproduce any scene or action which is vividly placed in the view. What we see done, we always want to do again. Experience corroborates this assertion constantly. When a murder happens, other murders occur; almost instantly. Suicides appear to beget suicides. Revolution in one state is followed by revolutions in other states. While executions are going on *without* the walls of a prison, boys, and sometimes men, take to acting them *within*. It is a fact, that during the terrible September massacres of the great French revolution, the prisoners who were waiting their turns to be destroyed, formed themselves into mock tribunals, and passed sentences in jest! Now these remarkable circumstances can only be explained by supposing that a too violent appeal to the faculty of imitation deranges that organ, throws it off its balance, and inclines it towards the very crime from which it is sought to drive it. That such is the result, facts prove; and therefore it is impossible to exaggerate the danger which there is in performing a deed of sudden and violent homicide, either in the sight or in the hearing of the community. Killing begets killing—murder propagates murder, to an incalculable extent.

Secondly, public executions not only lead to further homicide through a frenzied faculty of imitation, but they tend directly to the same awful result by appealing specifically to the passion of vindictiveness or vengeance. A murderer is brought out before a depraved and brutal-minded mob. Instantly a shout of execration arises from the crowd, deafening the very heavens with the clamour. That shout has its origin in vindictiveness; and of that passion, murder is usually born. The man who once gives the rein to the feeling of vengeance is made *capable* of murder: give him but the opportunity, or let temptation be strong enough, and he will commit it. Thus we find that Connor sees Tapping hanged in the morning, and goes home and murders his mistress at night; and that Wicks, who, on many occasions, witnesses the execution of the vengeance of the law, takes vengeance on his master, and shoots him in broad day-light in the open street. A remarkable proof (if further proof were needed), of the soundness of our present argument is to be found in the pregnant fact related by the Rev. W. Roberts, a minister of Bristol, that out of 167 persons condemned to death, 164 had been present at executions.

Thirdly, executions preach the *violability* of human life, and assert the dangerous doctrine that homicide,—wilful homicide,—

is justifiable. Now that this must have a tendency to make life less sacred in the eyes of the people, is evident. The law kills upon the pretext that the culprits *deserve* killing. Well; what a government does, an individual will feel that *he* may do. Once let him believe that another man *deserves* death at his hands, and he will make the law his example for killing him. We must recollect that the mass of men are not casuists enough to understand the distinction between governmental and individual right. They will naturally say, 'If the State may kill a man who does it an injury, *I* may kill a man who injures me.' This argument is no mere fancy; it is a truth, proved by experience. How often we find a murderer saying:—'Yes, I killed him: he deserved it: and I would do it again.' In 1846, there was a man named Quennell hanged at Horsemonger-lane. He defended the murder he had committed to the very last. His argument was:—'The man did me wrong, and I killed him for it.' This logic he had learned from the law!

We have now fairly met the Home Secretary upon his own ground; and we claim to have demonstrated the utter unsoundness of his final position—that there is a theoretical necessity for the punishment of murderers by death. We have analyzed the supposed fear of death, and have found it to be a vague and unrealizable dread, entirely inoperative as a restraining motive, and therefore useless as a deterring agent. We have seen, not only that the threat of death must necessarily fail to deter from murder, but that the execution of it has a direct and palpable tendency to produce that crime. And we have the admission of Sir George Grey, that the evils arising from executions are 'very great;' that 'nothing is more to be deplored or censured than the desire exhibited by multitudes to see'—the spectacle which the law provides for their warning; and that 'these evils all should seek to check.' We submit, therefore, that we have a right to demand the Home Secretary's full concurrence in our conclusion—That capital punishment, which we have proved to be alike indefensible in theory, and mischievous in practice, ought to be immediately and totally abolished throughout the British dominions.

With this we quit the Parliamentary aspect of the question, and turn to other, and more popular considerations.

Before, however, we regard the subject in the final aspect through which we mean to view it, we would step aside for a moment to add a word or two to our theological and statistical arguments. This addition is rendered necessary by the publication of the works named at the head of this article.

1. As to the Theology of the matter. Since we viewed the topic in this light, two works on this branch of the subject have been brought under our notice; the first an essay against the

gibbet, by the Rev. Mr. Heaton, chaplain of the county prisons of Gloucester ; the second, a sermon in its favour, by the Very Reverend Thomas Hill Lowe, Dean of Exeter.

Mr. Heaton's tract, entitled, 'It is not Lawful for us to put any Man to Death,' is the able and earnest effort of a good man in a good cause. Notwithstanding his subscription to the Thirty-seventh Article of the Church of England, Mr. Heaton boldly preaches the Christian *unlawfulness* of capital punishments, and calls the gibbet 'the great contradiction of our gospel ;' the result of man's love for him 'who was a murderer from the beginning.' The main feature of Mr. Heaton's essay is, that it reminds us of a fact of which we generally lose sight in arguing on this topic, namely, that the much-disputed passage in Genesis ix. 6,—'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed,' was written by *Moses*, to whom the later revelation in Exodus was given. From this fact it will follow, that as this injunction, or command, or comment (or whatever it was), was superseded even in the time of Moses by a subsequent dispensation, it consequently can never be pleaded (be it what it may) as a rule for *us*. Genesis was promulgated among the Jews at the same time as Exodus ; and there can be no doubt that the law under which they acted was the one *last* recorded. If then the law (even supposing it to be a law) which was given to Noah, was superseded by the new law to the Jews, it, of course, can be no rule for Christians, who live, not under '*the law*' at all, but 'under grace.' Mr. Heaton treats this passage as a mere sentiment of Moses himself, and not as the direct words of God at all : a proposition which certainly carries a great show of reason with it when we notice that the words are spoken *in the third person*, while the preceding and succeeding verses are written in the *first* and *second*. The cause of the abolitionists is much indebted to Mr. Heaton for his clever, timely, and eloquent pamphlet.

While, however, one Anglican clergyman comes forward thus boldly and successfully to argue that it is not lawful for us to put any man to death, another Anglican clergyman steps upon the scene, and speaks (as one having authority) on the other side of this question. The Dean of Exeter (for he it is who thus distinguishes himself), carries us back from the middle of 1849 to the year of the deluge, and delivers an oration in favour of the gallows from the top of Mount Ararat. It is not our purpose to review Mr. Lowe's sermon at length ; for to speak the truth, the work is not worth the trouble. We will simply extract the main points of it ; and attaching one or two words of comment, leave the production to speak its own condemnation.

Singularly enough, Mr. Lowe takes for his text the very passage which Mr. Heaton explains away ; and he commences

his sermon by saying, 'These are the words of God,' while Mr. Heaton affirms that they are only the commentary of Moses!

The weakness of the text, however, is only a sample of the general weakness of Mr. Lowe's argument. He labours hard to prove that the passage must be universally binding; and having proved(?) that it *is* so, he then makes an exception in favour of the hangman,—quite losing sight of the fact (self-evident to everybody else), that if he makes an exception in one case, other people will feel at liberty to make other exceptions in other cases, and some persons even to object to the application of the passage to modern times at all. After he has sufficiently obscured *this* point, Mr. Lowe carefully proceeds to darken another. He tells us, that *because* all men are made in the image of God, and *because* it is the greatest imaginable sin to deface and destroy that image, *therefore* the murderer (although made in God's image like other men) *is* to be destroyed! This point duly mystified, it occurs to Mr. Lowe, that the strangling of the body may (and most likely does) cause also the perdition of the soul; and after asserting that the perilling of a human soul constitutes 'the chief guilt of murder,' mildly goes on to argue that this course is to be taken '*inexorably!*' With a feeble reiteration of the stale abuse which the advocates of Christian mercy often get from Church dignitaries, the sermon concludes;—and there we leave it.

We cannot quit the theological portion of the subject, however, without pausing for a moment to bring the question before the tribunal of practical Christianity, and to show that the infliction of death by man on man is utterly irreconcilable with Christian conduct.

Now let us not be mistaken. We have already argued that theological doctrine must not be made the rule by which we decide the question in hand. And we hold to that opinion. But we are living in a professedly Christian country; we ostensibly govern and legislate on Christian principles, and must make our institutions conform to the common standard; in a word, we must square our whole conduct, our laws, and our institutions, not by the doctrinal dogmas, but by the moral genius of Christianity. Consequently, when we try the punishment of death by this standard, we introduce a test, not theological, but rational, not theoretical, but practical.

Now, the first fact that strikes us in relation to this matter is, that the Christians of the early ages were totally opposed to capital punishment in any case. Up to the fifth century, says Schlegel, in a note upon Mosheim's History (vol. i. p. 466), it was the current opinion that Christians could not bear a part in the execution of criminals. In Milman's Church History we

read (vol. ii. p. 82), that Julian removed Christians from the office of prefect, because they would not put criminals to death. And in the same work (vol. iii. p. 457) we learn, that St. Augustin denounced the destruction of criminals in the circus, and complained of the practice as adding to the ferocity of the people. Now, if we add to this statement the fact, that no version of the Bible prior to the fifth century contains the words 'by man,' in the text from Genesis ix. 6, we see, not only that death punishment is an interpolation upon primitive Christian practice, but that Scripture itself has been interpolated to suit the purposes of the State.

The plain truth is, that it was not until the junction of the State with the Church that the infliction of death by the ruler was ever justified by the Christian priesthood. This ought never to be forgotten; and certainly the circumstances incident to the infliction of death before the public, go far to prevent our forgetting it. If any scene belonging to modern times exhibits, beyond question, the marks of pagan parentage, it is the perpetration of death upon the scaffold. A sacrifice in theory, it is equally a sacrifice in feature. There is the bound victim,—there is the slayer,—there is the priest,—there is the altar,—there is the religious ceremonial. That such a holocaust is completely incompatible with the Christian system, is manifest at a single glance.

Indeed, the religious rites annexed to public strangulation appear as if instituted in mockery. Before the culprit is brought out to be killed, he partakes of the holy sacrament with the clergyman, is solemnly absolved from his sins, and bidden to the enjoyment of everlasting life. He is told that he is 'a very member incorporate in the mystical body of Christ,' 'an heir through hope of God's everlasting kingdom,' and then he is led forth to be hanged! As the victim marches on to the scaffold, the attendant priest reads the order for the burial of the dead,—prays for the malefactor's daily bread, after he has partaken of his last earthly meal,—and then commits his body to the hangman, 'in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life.' We ask again, what can this be but a mockery of Christianity? a mockery made all the more atrocious because the name of Christianity is assumed to sanctify it.

And now a word upon the *statistical* question. After Sir George Grey's relinquishment of all argument on this ground, we should not have troubled our readers by a further reference to it, but for a recent reiteration of the facts given up by Sir George Grey, in the 'Law Magazine' for May, 1849. To this statement we have to beg a little attention.

The essayist, who entitles his paper 'Crimes and Criminals,'

and who, it is but fair to say, has written, with the exceptions to which we are about to allude, wisely and well on the difficult topic which he has chosen for his theme, argues through eighty pages that reformation is the only proper principle of punishment, and at the eighty-first page confuses himself with some of Mr. Redgrave's figures, and tries to show that there must be certain exceptions to this correctional theory—first, because the crimes which have recently been relieved of the capital penalty have since increased in consequence; and secondly, because murder, for which the punishment of death is retained, has diminished. To both of these assertions we intend briefly to reply.

In the first place, the table which thus frights the reviewer from his propriety is one which has long since been explained and answered. If the reader will take the trouble to turn to the 'Eclectic Review,' for August, 1848, he will find the very figures which the essayist quotes in the 'Law Magazine,' only in a more complete form. Those figures were instanced long ago by the supporters of capital punishment, to prove that the abolition of the extreme penalty for certain offences had resulted in a large increase of those crimes: and long ago the fallacy of these statistics was exposed. Our answer to it was—first, that even granting the increase asserted, the crimes for which death was retained *had increased even more than these*; and secondly, that the increase was unfairly stated, inasmuch as many crimes *which were never capital*, were included in the returns of recent years with the offences in respect of which the pain of death was abolished. It was these very errors on which Sir George Grey built his opposition to Mr. Ewart's motion in 1848, and it was these very errors which, by a singular coincidence, Sir George Grey was recanting at the moment when the 'Law Magazine' was re-disseminating them among its readers.

In the second place, however (and this is the point on which we would particularly fix the attention of the reader), those particular offences on which the essayist asserts an increase since the abolition of the penalty of death in respect of them, *increased in a far greater ratio while they remained capital*. The increase asserted by the reviewer as occurring since the mitigation, amounts to '34 per cent. in fifteen years.' Now, the increase which took place *in the same crimes while they remained capital*,—say, from 1826 to 1831,—was actually 31 per cent. in *five years*—equal to 93 per cent. in *fifteen*! We give the figures for the satisfaction of the reader, leaving out murder and attempts to murder, because they have remained subject to capital punishment throughout the whole period:—

Statement of the Number of Commitments for Offences which were Capital in 1831 (and in respect of which the Penalty of Death was remitted between 1831 and 1837) in the Five Years ending—

1826	1831	1836	1841	1846
8,157	10,645	10,547	11,833	13,911

The reviewer will now see that his statistics are completely rebutted, and that no argument in favour of the punishment of death can possibly be gathered even from the increase of crime which he alleges.

Now as to the presumed effect of the punishment of death on the crime of murder. The essayist in the 'Law Magazine' is particularly disingenuous on this head; for while pointing out the fact that murders *decreased* during the five years ending 1841, he quite forgets to state that they *increased rather more than 30 per cent. in the five years following!* He also omits attempts to murder, which he ought certainly to include; for every attempt to murder is an attempt to commit the *capital* offence, and consequently bears a direct relation to the capital penalty. How frightfully murder has increased under the operation of the punishment of death the following table will only too mournfully show:—

Commitments for Murder and Attempts to Murder in each of the Five Years Ending—

1826	1831	1836	1841	1846
661	770	1,023	1,221	1,459

Thus, then, we prove in a twofold manner that under the influence of capital punishments crime of all sorts, and especially the crime of murder, increases in a frightful degree, even as compared with the same offences directly after the remission of the extreme penalty in respect of them. With this fact before him, the writer in the 'Law Magazine' will feel, we think, that he need not make even the murderer an exception to the criminals whom it is better to reform than to kill; but may carry out, to the extremest cases, the noble principles of punishment which, in the greater part of his essay, he has so ably advocated.

We now come, finally, to view the question in its most simple and every-day aspect and to make *our* appeal to the common sense of our countrymen on the matter. We are aware that a considerable number of persons still cling to the punishment of

death for murder, on the ground that *murder deserves death*. Murder, they say, is a crime *per se*; it transcends every other offence, not in degree only, but in essential turpitude; and it is therefore *right* that the murderer should be killed. This argument we propose to meet and combat.

The first answer that we make to the foregoing reasoning is, that *mere desert* is not a ground on which it becomes us to punish. Were we all visited 'according to our deserts,' and chastised 'according to our iniquities,' which of us would survive to execute the murderer? He only that is 'without sin' has a right to 'cast the first stone' at the offender; and who among us can pretend to be in that position? We must recollect that in claiming to punish on the ground of desert, we arraign, not the act, but the motive. Now, which of us would not merit the murderer's doom if all our motives could be evidenced against us? Is there any human being that has not, at some time or other, entertained an unkind, a revengeful, a malicious, thought towards a fellow-creature? And is not such a thought as essentially and inherently murder, as the very act of homicide itself? We are all under sentence of death, as it is,—

'And in the course of *justice*, none of us
Should see salvation;—

it does not become us, therefore, to arraign the motive of our fellow-criminals, however bad it may be; but it becomes us rather to forgive others their trespasses, as we ask that our own may be forgiven:—

'We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer should teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.'

We would inquire, secondly, into the *rationale* of this argument about desert. *Why* does the murderer deserve death? The answer will be, Because he has deliberately taken human life. Then, of course, the same guilt is perpetrated, and the same penalty incurred, when the law deliberately takes human life in return. For wherein is there a difference? Both acts of homicide are perpetrated wilfully; and to our mind the homicide of the law is worse than the homicide of the assassin, inasmuch as it is committed in cool blood, and in the sight of day. Perhaps it will be replied that the *motive* makes the difference. But what is the motive of the law? Let it be called what it may, vindication of justice, infliction of desert, or what not, it is neither more nor less than an intention to retaliate vengeance on an evil-doer. And is this a motive that can be safely preached by a government to a people? Will an individual refrain from revenge when the State asserts its propriety? If, as is said by

political philosophers, governments have no rights, no powers, which are not derived from individual rights and powers, will not an aggrieved individual naturally say, 'What the State may do, *I* may do,' and take vengeance accordingly? We have already shown that men *do* thus reason; and now we have shown that if the law is right, they are justified in doing so.

Again: it is said that 'the murderer *deserves* death.' For what? For his evil motive. But we cannot *see* motive. The hearts of our fellow-creatures are hidden from us, and we cannot *certainly* ascertain and know even the simplest of their thoughts. We may guess at them; but when we guess at the motives of others, are we not wrong in nineteen cases out of twenty? Before we can be justified in arraigning and punishing motive, we must show that we are able to discern it accurately, and properly estimate its nature and its force. Nor is this all. We must be able to estimate the strength of temptation too. The man who is strongly tempted to commit murder, by want, by injuries received, or by great provocation of any other kind, is surely not so worthy of punishment as the man who is actuated by malignant hatred and unwarranted malice. Now it must be plain that we cannot possibly judge in this manner, inasmuch as our faculties are not sufficiently clear and far-sighted; and, such being the case, the endeavour to inflict penalties upon evil motive is a mere hypocritical pretence and mockery, a presumptuous usurpation of the Eternal prerogative; an attempt to—

'Snatch from God's hand the balance and the rod,
And judge his justice as the God of God.'

Once more. When we say that 'the murderer *deserves* death,' are we quite sure that we are right as to the fact? Perhaps he may be *insane*; does he deserve death *then*? No! for if he is not in his right mind, he is, of course, not accountable to morality. Now who can venture to say of *any* murderer that he was in his right mind when he committed his dreadful deed? It is perfectly possible, that even in such a case as that of Rush, some organ, hidden from human sight, may have been so diseased as to produce uncontrollable hatred, or all-absorbing malice. It is well known that the disposition to self-destruction is generally caused by a disordered state of the brain; and if such be the origin of *suicide*, what seems more likely than that it should also be the origin of *homicide*? To kill one's-self is no better than to kill a fellow-creature; and if 'temporary insanity' be the proper verdict in the one case, why should it not also be proper in the other? Both crimes indicate insensibility to consequences; and what is insensibility to consequences but insanity itself? To us the deed of murder seems so intensely unnatural, so horrible, so

awful, that we can only suppose it to be the frenzied conception of a mind violently wrenched from its propriety, and responsible to no moral tribunal but the Eternal one. Singularly enough, we intuitively speak of a murderer as 'the *infatuated* man,' 'the *frenzied* assassin,' 'the *reckless* culprit,' and so forth; and yet, while we thus describe him, we treat him as a man in the complete possession of his senses, perfectly able to control and guide his reason and his will! The day will come, however, and that before long, when Bedlam, not Newgate, will be deemed the fit prison for the murderer.

One more consideration remains to be noticed in connexion with this part of the subject: the most important of all. We mean *the possible innocence of the culprit*. This chance, it may be urged, applies to *all* punishments. So it does. But it applies to capital punishments with peculiar force. For, in the first place, it cannot be remedied; while all other inflictions can. And, secondly, as the crime of murder is almost invariably committed in secret, there is more chance of error in judging of this offence than of any other. That this is a possibility often realized we know, alas! only too well. It is not our purpose to harrow the feelings of our readers by recounting the melancholy errors that have been committed in killing innocent persons; it is enough to refer to the fact that hundreds of such cases are known to men now living. Our design is to argue that, where the tribunal is fallible, the doom should be revocable; and, until man is omniscient, this argument will remain unanswerable.

The scope of our present reasoning will now, we think, be plain. In reply to the argument, that the murderer deserves death, we say, first, that even if he does, his fellow-sinner can have no commission to inflict the punishment; secondly, that if he deserves death for taking life, we also deserve the same doom for taking his; thirdly, that as we cannot see his motive, we cannot accurately ascertain his desert; fourthly, that he may not deserve death after all, inasmuch as he may be insane, and, therefore, irresponsible; and, fifthly, that he may not merit the punishment, being possibly guiltless of the deed.

In addition to these answers, there is another reply which, we might make to the plea of a murderer's desert, and which to a Christian mind, would be alone a sufficient reason for rejecting the extreme penalty: we mean the necessity that there is for an admixture of the element of mercy in all human punishments. Be a man as guilty as he may, he is still 'bound with the cords of a man' to all mankind: he is still our brother; and has a right, if no longer to our affection, at least to our pity. Nay, if not for *his* sake, at least for *our own*, we are bound to show him mercy. 'How shall we hope for mercy, rendering none?' We know

full well that 'with what measure we mete, it shall be measured unto us again;' and that 'our Heavenly Father will not forgive us, unless we, from our heart, forgive every one his brother their trespasses.' If we say to a fellow-criminal (perhaps, if all could be known, not so intrinsically wicked as ourselves) that he shall have 'no mercy upon earth,' how can we hope for mercy before the judgment seat of God? This is a solemn consideration; but it is one on which we can rest our case; for it appeals to the very heart of Christianity, and can only be answered in one way.

Before we sum up our observations on the whole subject, we would say a few words upon the necessity of making *the reformation of the offender* an essential object of all punishment. Man has no absolute right to punish man at all; we mean, to retaliate upon crime *as crime*. 'Who made *thee* a judge?' may at all times be justifiably said by the criminal to his moral accuser. The sole right of punishment (we use the word for want of a better) which the ruler possesses, is the right of restraint; and this right must be bounded both by policy and duty. Now that it is the ruler's policy to reform the offender must be evident at once: it prevents the criminal from offending again; and it makes him a missionary to other malefactors. It cultivates the benevolent, loving, sympathetic principles of human nature, and so spreads those influences through the community. And it is in itself a more forcible mode of operating on the mind. We fear reproachful love far more than unyielding anger. A father's tears of pity are infinitely stronger than his arm of flesh; and the merciful punishments of a State always work more powerfully than its remorseless ones. But it is not so much because reformatory punishments are our *policy*, that we urge their adoption, as because they are our *duty*. We are all brethren; the sons of one Father: and even the vilest sinner has a right to claim our sympathy. Nay, the viler the sinner, the more he needs our good-will:—'the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.' No brother in a family can have a right, under any circumstance, to cast off a brother who does wrong; and no man can have a right under any circumstances to inflict a penalty on man which foregoes reform and restoration.

We think we need scarcely say that Christianity powerfully confirms and supports this doctrine. We do not speculate upon the ultimate end of punishment in the future world—with that solemn question we dare not meddle; it is enough for us to refer to God's expressed will, and to his government of men, as concerns their mortal life: although we cannot but remember at the same time the beautiful assurance that 'there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.' In the Old Testament, the idea of *chastening*, as applied to punishment, is most frequent. 'The Lord hath chastened me sore, but he hath not given me over

unto death,' are the words of the Psalmist. 'He maketh sore, and *bindeth up*,' says Job. 'As I live, saith the Lord God,' writes Ezekiel, 'I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the *wicked turn from his ways, and live*.' And in the New Testament, redemption is made the chief subject of discourse. As Paley says, 'The main theme of our Saviour's discourses, the main duty he teaches, is *forgiveness*.' 'Forgive, that ye may be forgiven;' 'I will have mercy and not sacrifice;' 'If a brother be overtaken in a fault, *restore* such a one:' these are samples of Christian doctrine. And our Saviour's life corresponded with his precepts. He came 'to seek and to save them that were lost:' to preach deliverance to the captive, health to the sick, and pardon to the guilty. 'He came and preached peace;' and no where does he speak more sublimely than when he says, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' In his last hour of agony he pardoned the thief upon the cross, and prayed God to forgive his own murderers. His life and his death alike prove that 'he is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.'

As in the Creator, so in creation. As in the Lawgiver, so in the law. The government of God on earth conforms to his example. No where have we the slightest proof that punishment is an *end*. It is always a means to reclaim the offender. There is no such thing as infliction for infliction's sake; but all penalty aims at correction. The evident design of all natural laws is not the establishment of pain, but the extension of virtue. Punishment is a flame which burns, but *purifies*.

We have nothing more to say in respect of the general argument against the Punishment of Death; and will only detain the reader for a moment while we sum up and realize our conclusions.

In examining the *moral* considerations connected with this subject, we have seen—

That man has no pretext for judging of the intrinsic demerit of crime; inasmuch as *that* unfailingly goes before a higher tribunal.

That the absence of power to perceive motive, is a proof that moral judgment is not man's province.

That man's relative position to his fellow-creatures (as being a brother sinner) is a sufficient reason why he should not presume to judge according to desert.

That the criminal's desert is not accurately attainable by human tribunals; inasmuch as human tribunals cannot determine the measure of his sanity and responsibility.

That killing, as a punishment for killing, is not a compensation, but an aggravation, of justice.

Upon reviewing the *theological* aspect of the matter, we saw—
That although, for a great and particular purpose, the Almighty

ordained the punishment of death for murder : he only did so, 1st, in common with the ordination of death for thirty-three other offences, none of which are regarded as capital now ; 2nd, in cases where he himself was the judge, and where, consequently, there was no chance of error ; and 3rd, in reference to a dispensation which was expressly excepted and separated from the general government of the world.

That the supposed warrant for the destruction of the murderer, contained in the passage, ' Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed,' is, in truth, not only no approval of legal homicide, but an emphatic condemnation of it.

That the whole tenor of the Scriptures is opposed to the destruction of the murderer ; and that the preservation of Cain and other murderers by the Almighty, is alone an evidence that ' God desireth not the death of a sinner.'

That Christianity everywhere condemns the principle of retaliation as a ground of human punishment, and expressly reserves the infliction of vengeance to the Almighty hand.

Led by these conclusions to perceive that *expediency* is the only fit rule by which a state can punish its malefactors, we tested capital punishments by their effects, and found,—

That death punishments increase the crimes for which they are enforced—a fact established by the testimony of all ages and countries.

That the abolition of the pain of death is always followed by a decrease of crime.

That where there are no capital punishments, human life is invariably safest ; and that where they are most common, life is in the greatest peril.

And being required, finally, to view the matter by the simple light of *common sense*, we have been made to perceive :—

That hanging men to a beam to illustrate the sacredness of human life, is manifestly and palpably absurd.

That the fear of death is, in the main, an unrealizable dread ; 1st, because it is opposed by man's strong instinct of life ; 2nd, because men are under sentence of death, as it is ; and, therefore, that it is an unsafe basis to build a law upon.

That the fear of death is calculated to restrain the murderer least of all men, because life is less precious to him than to all others.

That killing by the law sets in unhealthy motion the imitative, revengeful, and destructive organs of the community, and so directly tends to produce homicidal crimes.

That the destruction of human life upon the scaffold has a tendency to make men sympathize with the criminal, and so to create an antagonism to the law.

That executions afford facilities for the commission of crime which are most dangerous to the well-being of the state; and confessedly cause the destruction of life to be regarded as a 'gratification' provided by the law for the amusement of the people, instead of a penalty calculated to deter from crime.

That the punishment of death often destroys innocent persons, and so proves its *undivine* and *immoral* origin.

That the infliction of death by the law is inconsistent with the chief end of punishment—the reformation of the offender.

Even these are not *all* the arguments that might be employed to prove the irrationality and unfitness of capital punishments. In addition to what has already been urged, it might be fairly said,—that the right to dispose of life is too great a power to be entrusted to the State, as history too sadly proves—that this penalty is defective in variability, and allots one doom to widely different crimes—that it destroys, and so loses for ever, *power* that might be made of service to the community; and that from its very nature, it raises a hope of impunity in the mind of the malefactor, which causes punishment to be regarded as a mere lottery; and so deprives the law of half its force and terror. We have said enough, however; and any *one* of the reasons stated is to our mind sufficient of itself to demonstrate the soundness of the conclusion at which we have arrived, namely, that the punishment of death is utterly indefensible, and ought to be instantly and totally abolished throughout the British dominions.

That the cause of humanity in reference to this question is fast approaching the hour of its ultimate triumph, we have already expressed our firm belief; and it only remains for us to say that the people of England have but to *will* the victory, and it is achieved. We have no longer the gloomy dogmas of an established theology to fear; for the State is wiser than its twin the Church, and has renounced hanging on religious principles. Nor have we any longer to dread Mr. Redgrave's armies of annual figures; they also have been put *hors de combat* by the governmental power, and henceforth are worth no more than the paper on which they are printed. From this moment the question is solely one between state-sophistry and popular sense. To that sense we now make our final appeal; and confident from the experience which we have personally had of the opinions of the British public, headed as they are by the leaders of every section of the progress party, that ninety-nine men out of every hundred are with us in this matter, we hesitate not to predict that within ten years from this time the gallows will be numbered among 'the things that have been,' and a new and better page in the history of punishment be commenced by us.

Brief Notices.

Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography. By the Right Hon. Sir James Stephen, K.C.B. Two Vols. 8vo. London: Longman and Co.

THESE volumes will be welcomed by many. They are worthy of the series to which they belong, and that is no small praise. To take rank with Sydney Smith, Lord Jeffrey, Mr. Macaulay, and Sir James Macintosh, may well satisfy a man of large literary ambition; and such is the lot assigned to the author of these volumes. Their merits are equal to their fortune. As will be seen by their title, their range is more limited than that of the other reprints which have been given us from the 'Edinburgh Review.' Their scope, however, is sufficiently wide to indicate a vast range of reading, multifarious knowledge of history civil and ecclesiastical, ancient and modern, a nice faculty of discrimination combined with a large catholic temper, and earnest love of evangelical truth, with a generous appreciation of all the higher elements of human nature, under whatever form they appear. In the case of some of the papers reprinted in the first volume, we had our misgivings at the time of their original appearance, and these are not yet wholly removed. It is a one-sided, not a complete sketch, which is furnished. The brightest and most salient points only are exhibited, and these are grouped together with great skill, so as to produce a powerfully favourable impression. Now we are far from being hostile to a fair exhibition of the virtues of the heroes of the papacy. What we object to is, their exclusive exhibition in a paper which undertakes to present an accurate likeness. Nor are we unaware that the papers in question contain occasional admissions of all we require. We refer to the *general impression* produced, and to this we object. Nos. 3 and 6, and in part No. 1, are open, in our judgment, to exception on this account. Nothing, we are sure, was further from the intention of Sir James Stephen, than to violate historical fidelity, and we should not have ventured on the remark we offer, had it not been for the admirable qualities of his papers, and their deep fascination to a large class of readers. Where there is so much to admire, we the more regret the existence of a single noxious, or even doubtful element.

The following are the titles of the twelve papers, eleven of which are, with some alterations and additions, reprinted from the 'Edinburgh Review.' The last paper is original. 1. Hildebrand; 2. St. Francis of Assisi; 3. The Founders of Jesuitism; 4. Martin Luther; 5. The French Benedictines; 6. The Port-Royalists; 7. Richard Baxter; 8. The Evangelical Succession; 9. William Wilberforce; 10. The Clapham Sect; 11. The Historian of Enthusiasm; 12. The Epilogue.

Sermons preached in Herstmonceux Church. By Julius Charles Hare, M.A. 8vo. Second Volume. London: J. W. Parker.

THE more we read of Archdeacon Hare's productions, the higher becomes our estimate of his qualities, both mental and religious. Standing without the circle of the controversy now waging amongst certain parties in the Establishment, we are better situated probably than either the 'English Review' or the 'Record,' to pronounce an impartial judgment on the influence exerted by the Archdeacon, and the other clergymen who concur generally in his views and policy. We noticed this controversy at some length in our last number, and further reflection confirms the judgment then recorded. We now take the opportunity of briefly introducing to our readers the sermons before us, which are, in many respects, admirable specimens of what parochial sermons should be. They were evidently addressed to the author's stated hearers, and are distinguished by a clear, chaste, and forcible style, are eminently direct and practical, abound in illustrations admirably adapted to the subjects treated of and to the capacities of the parties addressed, and display, moreover, a beautiful mixture of doctrine and of precept, together with the tenderness and fidelity of the Christian pastorate. There is nothing recondite either in the terms or in the imagery employed, yet the cultivated taste and sound scholarship of the author are conspicuous throughout to an intelligent reader. We could quote passages of exceeding beauty in which the absence of all rhetorical art is made to consist with touching pathos and the most cogent enforcements of social and religious duties. The sermons, which are twenty-five in number, range over a great variety of subjects, and together constitute a study to which young ministers, of every religious persuasion, may advantageously apply themselves. The phraseology of the Archdeacon, as is perfectly natural, sometimes betokens his ecclesiastical predilections. But we have no quarrel with him on this account. A similar law prevails in the compositions of our own men, and betokens rather honest conviction than sectarian prejudice. There is no asperity or bitterness in his spirit, but a generous appreciation of the Christian character wherever it is found, and under whatever modifications it exists.

Southey's Common-Place Book. Edited by his Son-in-law, John Wood Warter, B.D. 8vo. Pp. 596. London: Longman and Co.

THE common-place book of such a man as Dr. Southey cannot fail to be regarded with interest by a large class. Some will view it as an indication of character,—a mirror in which may be traced the features of one of the richest intellects our age has produced; while others will receive it as a collection of the choice passages of English literature,—a selection made by a man of multifarious reading, whose taste was rarely at fault in judging of the literary excellences of others. Both classes will find ample gratification in the contents of this volume,

from the examination of which we have risen with a yet higher estimate of the voluminous research, large knowledge, and nice discrimination of Dr. Southey. Such a collection of 'Choice Passages' we have never previously met with. They are drawn from works of all classes, and from every age of our literature, and bespeak an acquaintance at once minute and comprehensive, with the whole range of English authorship. Such a volume, it is scarcely needful to remark, is not suited for continuous reading. It is a book to be taken up for the hour, and the more frequently its companionship is sought, the higher will be the opinion formed of its vast treasures. An ample index is happily supplied, which serves the purpose of a skilful guide in what would otherwise be a trackless though rich wilderness. The volume is a literary curiosity, combining value with attraction, and bespeaks the inexhaustible wealth of the mine from which its contents are drawn. The literateur and the general reader will be alike gratified by its pages, in which wit and logic, humour and grave discourse, poetry and science, the facts of history and the lessons of philosophy, are happily mingled in due proportions.

Rizzio ; or, Scenes in Europe during the Sixteenth Century. By the late Mr. Ireland. Edited by G. P. R. James, Esq. Three Vols. London: T. C. Newby.

THE Shakespere forgeries of Mr. Ireland are known to all intelligent readers. They made much noise in the republic of letters some years since, and for a time deceived several critics of considerable eminence. That they should have done so may now be matter of surprise, but the fact is proof of great skill on the part of Mr. Ireland, and shows, that in literary matters at least, he was capable of more than ordinary achievements. He paid dearly for his forgery ; and though there was much bitterness and acrimony in the tone of his censors, we do not regret that his crime was severely punished. Mr. Ireland has been dead several years, and his manuscript has been subjected to the revision of Mr. James, for the purpose, probably, of securing the confidence which might otherwise be withheld. Mr. James has fairly availed himself of his power by large omissions, the propriety of which must be admitted on his statement, as our ignorance of the suppressed passages prevents, of course, our forming an opinion of their character. We feel, however, no reluctance in leaving ourselves, in this matter, in Mr. James's hands.

The work itself has very considerable merit. It is written in the form of an Autobiography, and was, probably, at first intended to be published as such. It narrates the principal events, conjectural and real, of the life of Rizzio, in the course of which we are introduced to the leading men of his age, and are shown many of the customs of Italy, France, and England. Francis I., Charles V., Henry VIII., Catherine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Wolsey, the Earl of Surrey, and a host of other illustrious personages, figure on the stage in appropriate costume, and act their part with very considerable propriety and

truthfulness. The earlier part of the work pleases us better than the latter. It is occupied with Rizzio's visits, in the train of the legate, to London, and describes with vividness and force the pastimes and other memorabilia of the day. The unnatural position of the hero in the closing portion of the work detracts from the pleasure of its perusal. There is, however, an earnestness throughout the narrative which contrasts honourably with the light and trashy contents of many modern novels; while its general tone and principles are free from the grave objections which lie against some works of that class.

The Illustrated Companion to the Latin Dictionary and Greek Lexicon; forming a Glossary of all the Words representing visible objects connected with the Arts, Manufactures, and every-day Life of the Greeks and Romans; with representations of nearly 2,000 objects from the Antique. By Anthony Rich, jun., B.A. London: Longman and Co.

MR. RICH, like many other men, has been, to some extent, forestalled. His preface informs us that a lengthened residence in Italy suggested the idea of trying to communicate to others, by illustrations, the more vivid and accurate understanding of many classic passages which he obtained from personal inspection of the remains of Greek and Roman every-day life. At that period, he says, with a touch of gentle resignation, the work would have been altogether new. But, although other volumes have somewhat interfered with his design, they have by no means superseded the present. It excels them all in the abundance of illustrations, and in the value of them. They are seldom mere pictures introduced for effect. In very few instances do we find the repetition of the old hacknied cuts of certain well-known objects, which have appeared over and over again in all books of this class. In almost every case the originals have been personally inspected by Mr. Rich, and, in the few instances where we have simply copies from other engravings or cuts, the authority is quoted. Evidently, great pains have been taken in the accuracy of detail, so necessary in a work of this class, and the result of the labour is the production of a most valuable companion to the 'Dictionary.' We have principally referred to the illustrations, as they are the characteristic merit of the volume, but we can conscientiously commend the careful scholarship displayed in every page of the letter-press also. The articles are brief but admirably condensed. Authorities are copiously quoted, a preference 'being given, where possible, to the passages usually cited in lexicons.' Not the least valuable feature is the classified index, in which all the articles relating to each particular set of subjects, are arranged so as to enable the student to gain, at once, a comprehensive view of the whole. The volume throughout shows its author to be fully qualified for his task, both as regards his own classical knowledge, and the not less important requisite, understanding of the wants of those who are likely to use his beautiful volume.

Memoir of Thomas Burchell, Twenty-two Years a Missionary in Jamaica.
By his Brother, William F. Burchell. 12mo. Pp. 416. London:
B. L. Green.

WE are compelled to defer till next month the more extended notice of this volume, which we have prepared. In the meantime we strongly recommend it to our readers as a most interesting and instructive piece of missionary biography. The author has executed his task in a manner worthy of his theme.

History of the French Revolutions from 1789 to 1848. By T. W. Redhead. Parts I.—IV. Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers.

THIS popular history is to be completed in six parts, of which those now before us bring down the narrative to the close of Napoleon's career. It is impartial, carefully compiled, and accurate.

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